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Memorial

OF

ALONZO BENJAMIN PALMER

A. B. Palmer

HELIOTYPE PRINTING CO., BOSTON.

Palmer, Lora M. Root

Memorial

OF

ALONZO BENJAMIN PALMER

M. D., LL. D.

Born October 6, 1815
Died December 23, 1887

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Printed at the Riverside Press
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DR. PALMER was one of the best and strongest of the men, few of whom are now surviving, who for more than thirty years have been devoting their gifts and attainments to the building up of the University of Michigan. He was among those who cherished the highest ideal of medical education, and he labored efficiently throughout his whole career as a University professor to realize that ideal, not only in those who were under his immediate instruction, but in all whom he might reach by his action in medical associations and by his contributions to medical literature. His influence through all these channels, in advancing the interests of the profession to which he had given his life, was so much the greater by reason of his clear insight into its deficiencies and needs, his courage and persistence in advocating wise measures for its improvement, his power and facility in expressing his ideas and convictions, and, above all, that native force of character which he brought to the advocacy of every cause and of every measure that he took in hand.

Besides all this, he was a man of large humanity, fully comprehending the opportunities and

responsibilities of life in all its relations. He was led by his benevolent nature and by his sense of duty to man and society, to religion and morality, to be ever active in ministering to the wants of the suffering, and in efforts to ameliorate social evils, and to bring men into the paths of righteousness and true happiness.

Struck down by the hand of death in the midst of the activities that knew no respite or weariness, like a good soldier falling in the midst of the fight, he justly claims, at the hands of those who have best known him, some true and appreciative expression of their admiration and affection. To one who, in an intimacy extending through a period of more than thirty-three years, has learned to put a just estimate upon his admirable qualities both as a public teacher and executive officer, and as a man, a friend, and a Christian gentleman, it has been a work at once sad and pleasing to put together and prepare for publication these memorial pages, made up of biographical reminiscences, of the testimonials of associations of which he was an honored member, and of the tributes of those who were near to him in professional, social, and religious life. Whatever expressions may be found in them of praise, esteem, or friendship, none who knew him will say that these exceed in the least his merits, or exaggerate the truth. Most of all will his surviving friends recognize the truthful-

ness of the portraiture presented in the memoir, written by the loving hand of the bereaved and sorrowing companion who shared the felicity of his wonderfully happy and successful life.

It may be proper to add the remark that Dr. Palmer left nothing whatever in the form of a diary, with the single exception of the notes of travel made in 1859, during his first visit to Europe. It is for this reason that the journal of this European tour has been allowed to occupy so large a space in the biographical sketch written by Mrs. Palmer. Observations jotted down from day to day in the haste and excitement of travel, partly for the very reason that they are off hand and intended for no eye but the writer's, afford the best possible picture of his real character and habits of thought.

HENRY S. FRIEZE.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN, *November*, 1889.

MEMORIAL.

ALONZO BENJAMIN PALMER was born at Richfield, N. Y., on the 6th of October, 1815. He came of sturdy Puritan stock. He was sixth in the line of descent from Walter Palmer, of Nottinghamshire, England, who, with his wife Rebecca, joined the band of colonists under John Winthrop that landed at Boston in 1629. Walter Palmer first settled at Charlestown, Mass., then at Seekonk in the same colony, and finally at Stonington, Conn. Nehemiah, the most distinguished of his sons, was a member of the Governor's Council, and held other important offices in the colony. Equally prominent in public affairs was Daniel, fourth son of Nehemiah Palmer. He was Judge of the High Court, and known as Justice Palmer. The great-grandfather of Alonzo was Nathan, the fourth son of Justice Palmer, and the first regular physician of note in Stonington. The old gambrel-roofed homestead is still standing where he lived with his seven sons and seven daughters, and the ancient

records of the Congregational Church contain the baptisms of these fourteen children.

Not far from Stonington, on a rocky hill overlooking the sea, is the old burying-ground of the Palmers, inclosed with a stone wall green with lichens. Here lies Walter, the pilgrim, surrounded by his descendants and the families into which they married. His grave is marked by a huge, unhewn, prism-shaped block of granite that served to keep the wolves away in those early days, and in its stern simplicity seems a fitting monument for the old Puritan. Fourth in the line of descent was Nathan Palmer, third son of Dr. Nathan Palmer. He was married very early in life, and the maiden name of his wife was Grace Palmer. After rearing a family of eight children, all born in Stonington, they left this place and resided for some years at or near Bennington, Vt. There their youngest son Benjamin, the father of Alonzo, married Anna Layton, a descendant of one of the Holland families that settled in early days at Tarrytown, N. Y. Soon after this marriage, Benjamin Palmer emigrated with his young wife and his father and mother to Burlington, in Otsego County, N. Y. This was the far west of those days, a pioneer home of the wilderness, a beautiful country of hills and valleys, lakes and forests, made famous by the pen of Fenimore Cooper.

After a few years, they moved to Richfield,

near Richfield Springs in the same county, where the rest of their lives was spent. It was in this beautiful home that Alonzo Benjamin, the youngest of their nine children, was born. The old farmhouse in which he first saw the light stands on a hill sloping gently down to the wooded shores of Schuyler's Lake, a pretty sheet of water five and a half miles long and one and a half broad, encircled by wooded hills and sunny farms.

There is little to tell of his early childhood. He was the youngest of nine brothers and sisters, the pet of the household. He had a good ear for music, and when very young could catch and repeat any air or melody that he heard, and his sisters used often to make him stand on a table and sing for the entertainment of visitors. He was the almost constant companion of his father, who was nearly blind at the time of his birth, and soon became totally so, and when little more than a baby he used to ride all over the country side, sitting on the saddle in front of his father and guiding the horse. He was a bright, active boy, truthful, brave, and full of life and spirits. Horses were his delight, and he was singularly strong and fearless in managing them, often standing erect on the bare back of an almost unbroken colt, and careering round the pastures.

This active, out-of-door life, in the pure and

invigorating air of his native hills, laid the foundation for the extraordinary health and vigor that distinguished him through life.

As he grew older he showed an intense fondness for reading, and his greatest delight was to hide away in some quiet corner with a book, sometimes to the neglect of tasks that had been given him. Indeed, he seems at an early age to have felt a distaste for work on the farm, to which his brothers submitted as a matter of course, and he determined to obtain an education, and to make a career for himself outside the narrower limits of his home. His father was a serious, thoughtful, and religious man, and the long days spent alone with him in walks, and rides, and quiet talks may have done much to help him in his ambitions and hopes. His father died in 1824, when Alonzo was only nine years old, and his mother in 1835.

After learning what was to be learned in those days in the schools and academies of Otsego and Herkimer counties, he began to teach school when he was only eighteen. Apropos of the discipline which the young teacher contrived to maintain, a story is told of the big boy, quite as old and quite as large as the master, who coolly walked out of school one morning without permission, and played truant the rest of the day. On being told the next morning not to repeat this offense, and proceeding shortly to do the

same thing again, he was calmly knocked down by the teacher's strong arm, and never again ventured to rebel. Thus early did the future professor show some of the force of character which enabled him in later years to preserve perfect order in his large classes and hold their attention.

After teaching for a year he spent the next eighteen months in the Academy of Mexico, N. Y., which was considered the best in that region at the time. He had now his own way to make in the world, and could expect no assistance from any one. But energy, industry, and the determination to succeed were always among his characteristics, and his courage never failed. Immediately after leaving the academy he commenced the study of medicine at the College of Physicians and Surgeons of the Western District of New York, at Fairfield, Herkimer County. This college had been established in 1812 by the Regents of the University of New York, and Stephen Van Rensselaer was its Chancellor. At that time there were but five other medical institutions in the country. These were at Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Dartmouth, and Baltimore. The new college grew rapidly in favor, and at the height of its prosperity, from 1830 to 1839, had on the average 217 students in its classes, outnumbering, indeed, all the medical schools in the country, except that of

the University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia. Its Faculty was an able one, and consisted of Wertal Willoughby, James Hadley, and John De Lamater, of Fairfield, and T. Romeyn Beck and James McNaughton, of Albany. Dr. McNaughton was a Scotchman, a scholarly man, and a graduate of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh, where he had the benefit of the teaching of such eminent men as Wishart, Bell, Abercrombie, and Hamilton. Dr. Willoughby was also a well educated practitioner of medicine, and had a wide reputation as a physician. R. D. Mussy, of Boston, was at one time Professor of Surgery. Owing to the establishment of a medical college in Albany and another in Geneva, N. Y., the whole Faculty of the old college at Fairfield resigned in 1840, and the institution became extinct from that date. From this college Dr. Palmer was graduated in January, 1839, and was now ready to begin his life's work. From a child he had chosen this profession as the one of all others he would prefer, and his future success was to show how well fitted he was for it by temperament and character.

Very soon after his graduation he went to Tecumseh, Mich., and was taken into the office of Dr. Patterson, who, a year later, admitted him into partnership. Dr. Patterson was from Easton, Pa., and was a well educated man of long and large experience, of minuteness and accuracy

in observation, and of great skill and good judgment in the practice of his profession. He was a regent of the University of Michigan during the administration of Dr. Tappan, its first President. It was a fortunate thing for the young doctor to begin his actual practice under such favorable auspices. He always spoke of Dr. Patterson with the utmost respect and appreciation of his skill and attainments.

At that time Michigan was a new country, and often the homes of distant patients could only be reached by bridle-paths through the woods. In some cases there was not even a bridle-path, and the horse was tied to a tree, while the doctor scrambled over fallen tree trunks and through bogs to the log cabin of his patient. Once, a stream was to be forded. His companion hesitated, but the doctor plunged boldly in. It proved to be deeper than he supposed, the horse lost its footing, and both went under. As he at length scrambled out, he said he "hoped the bystanders would not think he had left the true church and gone over to the Baptists." Nothing could daunt his sunny cheerfulness.

It was a life of hardship and exposure, but his perfect health seemed to be proof against it all. He would sometimes fall asleep in the saddle, from exhaustion after successive nights of watching by the bedside, leaving the horse to find his way unguided.

Among his treasured possessions at this time was a small pocket edition of Shakespeare, — one play in a volume, — and one or the other of these little books was his constant companion in his long rides. The familiarity with the great master thus gained he never lost, and no one could more quickly detect any error in quotation, or could more readily tell where to find a desired passage. It was a great treat to hear him read a play of Shakespeare, and this was a pleasure, in later years, kept in store in his home for stormy winter evenings when no interruptions could be expected. Now and then some apt quotation would be brought into a lecture, as, for example, in one of his lectures on malarial fevers, Dame Quickly's description of Falstaff's death.

"*Quickly.* As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir John. Ah, poor heart! he is so shaked of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him."

. . . "A parted even just between twelve and one, e'en at turning o' the tide; for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields. . . . So 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet. I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any stone."

One of the friendships made at this period of his life was a source of much pleasure to him.

The Rev. William N. Lyster, an Irish clergyman of the Episcopal Church, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and a student of theology for a time in the University of Edinburgh, had come to Michigan with his lovely and cultivated wife in the early history of the country, and spent a long life, mostly as a missionary, in the southern part of the State. Not long after Mr. Lyster's death the doctor, having been asked to read the service and sermon at St. Andrews, Ann Arbor, in the rector's absence one Sunday, selected one of his old friend's sermons, and prefaced the reading of it with these words: "Mr. Lyster was a man of remarkable purity and simplicity of character, who made many warm friends among those who came to know him well, and did much towards building up the church in this diocese, and, what is more, turning many to a Christian life."

Mr. Lyster and his family, Dr. Patterson and his New England wife and her young sister, with a few others, formed a pleasant and congenial little group of friends, such as one would perhaps hardly have expected to find in this little village of what was then the far west.

In 1840, Dr. Palmer was confirmed in the little church of St. Peter's, at Tecumseh, and in the spring of 1846, the church being without a rector, he was licensed by the Bishop as lay reader, in which capacity he continued to

act, when necessary, so long as he lived in Tecumseh.

On the 19th of July, 1843, he married Miss Caroline Augusta Wright, a sister of Mrs. Patterson, and a native of Northampton, Mass., who was then living with her parents in Tecumseh. She was a woman of great loveliness of person and character, of singular delicacy and refinement, and of a deeply religious nature. She was very fragile in appearance, and before her marriage showed symptoms of the fatal malady that was so soon to end her happy married life. She died of consumption on the 11th of June, 1846, at the early age of twenty-five. Her husband speaks thus of her in a letter written soon after her death to her warm friend Mrs. Lyster: "She seems to me almost like an angel of light, lent to me for a short space, and now returned to her own home." The greatest of sorrows had darkened his young life, — a sorrow peculiarly bitter and overwhelming to one of such constancy and tenderness of domestic affections.

He struggled bravely on with his work for a few months. A little incident, remembered still by one of the friends of those days, shows how he had succeeded in attaching to him the families of his patients during these six years of his practice among them. "After he had left Tecumseh for Chicago, he returned for a visit, and was asked to make an address at a county

fair, after which I saw many gray-haired old men and women crowding forward, their faces radiant with light and tears in their eyes, reaching over the shoulders of those before them to clasp the hand of Dr. Palmer once more."

We can easily understand how much a change of scene and occupation was needed, now that the dear home ties were broken; and so we find him, in the following autumn, giving up the work in which he had gained much practical knowledge under the guidance of his older and more experienced partner, and spending the winters of 1847–8 and 1848–9 in New York and Philadelphia, in attendance upon lectures and cliniques at the College of Physicians and Surgeons and the University of Pennsylvania. The medical and surgical cliniques established by the College of Physicians and Surgeons in 1844 were the first of the kind in New York, and for several years were the only cliniques in the city. The most eminent professors at that time were Willard Parker, Alonzo Clark, Charles R. Gilman, and Robert Watts. Among the courses of lectures which Dr. Palmer attended at this college that winter was one on Embryology by Professor Agassiz. The next winter's work in Philadelphia was interrupted by a long siege of typhoid fever, the only long illness of his life, and during this he was tenderly nursed by a gentle old Quakeress. On the whole, however, they

were profitable and satisfactory winters, enlarging his store of knowledge, and giving him the much desired leisure for study. He was a diligent student always, never satisfied with attainments already made, but eager to investigate everything relating to his profession, and to place his knowledge upon a thoroughly scientific basis.

After these increased opportunities for study, observation, and intercourse with the best minds of the profession in this country, it was but natural that he should turn to the wider field offered by a large city. In 1850 he went to Chicago, and in 1852 and a part of 1853 he was associated in practice with Dr. N. S. Davis, who has since become so well known and honored by the profession throughout this country. The friendship between them was true and lasting, founded upon mutual respect and esteem. In a letter written after the doctor's death, Dr. Davis speaks of him as "my oldest and most cherished professional brother." In 1853 he was appointed city physician, and filled that office until he left Chicago. Says Dr. Davis: "During his residence in Chicago he was an active member of the local medical society, and enjoyed the confidence and respect of both the profession and the community. At that time the city physician was the chief medical officer of the corporation, and during the year of his service, 1854, a severe

epidemic of cholera prevailed, thereby greatly increasing the labors and responsibilities of his position. He met the requirements of his office with a faithfulness and ability that elicited general commendation." This epidemic prevailed largely among the Swedish and Norwegian emigrants, who came to Chicago in great numbers that summer, and were thence distributed over the Northwest. In 1852 there had also been an epidemic of cholera, though a less severe one, and Dr. Palmer's work among the poor and suffering had been very arduous. This large experience in cholera led him to have great confidence in the methods of treatment which he had found to be the most effectual, and years afterward, in 1885, when another invasion of this dreaded disease from Europe seemed to be imminent, he published a work on epidemic cholera, giving its general history and the results of his observation and experience in both public and private practice.

He soon became engaged in a large practice, — a busy, wearing, and absorbing life, — though he found time for society, and made many friends, especially among the pleasant families in St. James' Church, of which he was a member. He was the trusted and beloved physician of many households. There was a charm about his manner in the sick room that all his patients felt. The fresh air and sunshine seemed to enter with

him. His own perfect health and vigor never made him unappreciative of or indifferent to the sufferings of others. He had not merely the enthusiasm in battling with and conquering disease, characteristic of every true physician, but the genuine sympathy and interest of a truly kind, large heart. His strong and cheerful spirit gave courage to those to whom he ministered, and inspired confidence. They felt that their appeal for help would not be in vain. He had a marvelously keen insight into character, but with it a gentle charity for the weaknesses he saw, as if they were but a part of the disease it was his mission to heal. His practiced eye was quick to detect the signs of suffering in the face, in spite of all the smiling efforts to conceal it. Little children trusted him at once, and would come to him fearlessly from their mother's arms. One who went with him once through the wards of the University hospital will never forget how the wan faces of his patients lighted up at his approach.

The purity and simplicity of his own living were a constant lesson to both patients and students. He never used stimulants or narcotics in any form, very seldom either tea or coffee. How often he used to say to his students that "no physician should ever smoke. How can he allow himself to enter the sick room of a delicate and sensitive invalid with the stale odors of

tobacco about him? He has no right thus to cause needless discomfort and suffering."

He was soon to exchange this city practice, which, as he said, might have made him a rich man had he chosen to continue it, for a more congenial position, for which the study and experience of the last twelve years had been gradually fitting him. Already, in 1852, he had received the appointment of Professor of Anatomy in the University of Michigan, with the expectation that, as soon as the slowly accumulating funds would allow, he would be called to active duty; and had been preparing himself by special study to fill this chair. When that time arrived, in 1854, he was appointed, in consequence of a change in the faculty, Professor of Materia Medica, Therapeutics, and Diseases of Women and Children. He attempted at first to give his lectures in the University while continuing to reside in Chicago; but the journeys to and fro proved to be too fatiguing, and he soon came to Ann Arbor to live, and carry on his life's work to its end. The gift of imparting instruction he had shown himself to possess when still very young, and his new work had great attractions for him.

Dr. Richardson, the eminent London surgeon, in an address delivered before the Liverpool Institute in 1886, says: "To labor for the achievement of true eminence, to cherish the idea of adding the useful to usefulness, is most com-

mendable; but above all things precious is the work and scope of work that brings happiness to the worker. Happiness in work is the proof of the fitness of the called to the vocation in which he moves. When a man is happy in his work, he has found his work." Those who know the unfailing and ever fresh enthusiasm and interest with which, for thirty-four years, Dr. Palmer gave his instructions in the University and other medical schools, never doubted that he had indeed found his work. It was never perfunctory with him; he loved it, and never wearied of it.

Early in April of 1859, after four years of uninterrupted work in the University, he left home for a seven months' foreign tour. He was a delegate from the American Medical Association to the British Association for the Advancement of Science, which was to meet in Aberdeen the following September, and of which Prince Albert was the president for that year. Meanwhile, he was to travel on the continent, and spend a good deal of time in the medical schools and hospitals. He had intended to go directly to Italy, and later to join his friend Dr. Bowditch in Vienna; but the news that met him on landing at Liverpool, of the immediate prospect of war between Austria and Italy, necessitated a change of plan. The next two months were spent in London, in visiting the hospitals, attending lectures, and becoming acquainted with the

views and methods of the most distinguished medical men. His journal shows how faithfully and industriously he pursued this work. The Abbey, St. Paul's, the National Gallery, the parks, palaces, and museums were repeatedly visited, and enjoyed with the fresh enthusiasm aroused by the first sight of them; but they were allowed only as occasional treats after long mornings, or perhaps whole days, in hospitals and cliniques. In arranging the journal for publication, the descriptions of places, now familiar to so many, have generally been omitted, as well as the full accounts of the lectures he heard and the unusual cases he saw, which would be full of interest to medical men, as showing the state of medical knowledge and attainment thirty years ago, but might be wearisome to the general reader. With these exceptions the journal of this first visit to Europe will be quite fully given here, as it is the only diary he ever kept, while among the many letters which he left, there are so few that can properly be introduced into this memoir to throw light upon his life and character.

London, April 29th, 1859. A brief retrospect since leaving home may not be amiss. Left Detroit, April 6th. On my way to New York came in sight, near Herkimer, of the hills surrounding the place of my nativity. They looked blue and cold in the distance, dotted with snow; but there are some warm hearts there, which

would have beaten a little faster had they known, at the moment, I was passing within a dozen miles of them, hurrying on the wings of steam to the Old World. Those, however, *most* near — who joyed and suffered in my birth, my childhood and tender years — have long since ceased their throbbings, resting, nay, mouldering to their mother earth, in the village churchyard. They have passed away; we are all passing away.

Sailed from New York on Wednesday, April 13th, in the Persia with Captain Judkins, the oldest of the steamship captains. He was quite ill with gout on the voyage and seemed glad to avail himself of my services — not a matter of much surprise when one knows the ship's surgeon, a regular Irishman in face and manner, knowing and caring but little about his profession.

On reaching London, I was advised on all hands not to proceed to the Continent on account of the threatening state of affairs there. Traveling must be uncertain, and may be unsafe. I was convinced by the news at Liverpool that war was inevitable, and would occur speedily, but waited for other opinions as to the safety of traveling.

Tuesday, April 27th. Went out to deliver some letters. Called on Miss Bowditch, and learned that her father was in Vienna. After

coming in, wrote to Dr. Bowditch, saying I would join him, if he should write favorably.

Wednesday, 28th. Called on Dr. Walshe near Cavendish Square. Had a letter to him from Professor G. B. Wood, of Philadelphia. Found him a man of ordinary stature, with a fine, large head and good countenance. He was polite and agreeable, made many inquiries respecting our country, and manifested a respectable degree of intelligence about it. He is connected with the University Hospital and School. His first public day is Tuesday next, when I am to meet him at the hospital. He spoke of the probable breaking out of the Continental war with evident uneasiness, particularly about the alliance offensive and defensive between France and Prussia. Said he feared England would be drawn in to keep those two powers from dividing Europe between them, and she might need help from America. I told him America would sympathize with England so far as the latter went for liberty and justice, but that an early maxim of our government was to make no entangling alliances with European powers. That so long as these powers confined their operations to this side of the Atlantic, we would probably be inclined to let them fight it out among themselves. The world must learn another lesson of the evils of despotism, of being governed by a few for the benefit of those few, of having war or peace as may suit

the ambition, the convenience, or the passions of those few. The best thing the United States can do for Europe is to set a good example, and show to the world that the *people* may govern themselves, and be happy and free. This will do more than armies and banners. From Dr. Walshe's went to the British Museum, and spent the day until dark wandering through the vast libraries, cabinets of natural history, galleries of sculptures, antiquities, etc. Much as I had read of it, I had no adequate conception of the extent and variety of its contents. Indeed, it is impossible to have such a conception without visiting it. It is gratifying to the pride of a medical man to know that this splendid national institution owes its origin to the benevolence and forecast of one of his own profession, Sir Hans Sloane, distinguished alike as a physician and a naturalist.

April 29th. Have now spent two days in the Museum, most of the time in the department of antiquities and art, among the Elgin marbles and other ancient works, Grecian, Roman, Assyrian, Egyptian, etc. I was exceedingly interested in the manuscripts of distinguished men, — Sir Thomas More, Sir Walter Raleigh, Philip Sidney, Bacon, Locke, Dryden, Addison, Nelson, Byron, etc.

The new reading-room is a wonder in itself. About 400,000 volumes are taken from their

places for consultation during the year, or about 1200 a day.

Yesterday was the day for election of members of Parliament in most localities. The Reform Bill brought forward by the ministry not being sustained, instead of the ministry resigning, Parliament was dissolved, and an appeal made to the country. The Government Reform Bill was rejected by a liberal Parliament, because it did not go far enough in extending the franchise, and had some other objectionable features. I attended last week some of the political meetings, and yesterday went to the polls for a few minutes. I am convinced that "demagogism" exists here as well as in America. The democratic spirit is abroad here in England. They do not speak against the Sovereign, but they talk about equality, and very many of the voters strongly insist upon "humanity suffrage." The ball is rolling on; it will not easily be stopped until great reforms are effected, — at least until great changes are made about voting for members of the House of Commons.

Monday, May 2d, 1859. The telegraph announces that blood has been shed, — that the Austrians and Sardinians have had an engagement, the latter falling back and inflicting heavy loss upon the former. Blood will now flow freely. I have hope, moreover, that France and Sardinia, with the other Italian States, will be allowed to

fight it out themselves. If, however, Germany joins, then will Russia, and then who else? But prophecy is useless and realities will come fast enough. Have spent the day in the Crystal Palace. Was much interested in the picture gallery. There were many pictures of great pretensions and merit, but the one which for its effect pleased me most was entitled "Friendship in Adversity." It consisted of two female figures — one ill and in bed, the other sitting by the bedside with her, sewing. The plain furniture of the room showed their present condition, but their faces, mode of dress, a magnificently gilt and embossed Bible lying open on a plain table, and a few other remnants of better days gave evidence of their former affluence; while the benevolent, animated and almost cheerful expression of their countenances indicated the happiness which true friendship, in hearts of sensibility and refinement, is capable of giving, even in the depths of adversity. The sentiment of the picture and its execution both delighted me, and I really coveted its possession. Nothing but the fact of my not being rich prevented my paying the price and bringing it home.

May 3d, '59. Made a visit to-day to University College Hospital, and met Dr. Walshe and Dr. Garrod in their wards. The number in attendance upon Dr. Walshe's instructions is twelve, all told; upon Dr. Garrod's five, including in both cases their assistants.

I have been particularly interested in Dr. Walshe's clinical exercises in the hospital. I have never witnessed more searching, exact, and intelligent examinations of patients, particularly in all cases of diseases of the chest. Nothing could exceed the minute care exercised in physical explorations, and, so far as I could judge from witnessing his procedures, and hearing his remarks, with occasional examinations of particular sounds, he is unusually discriminative and precise in his observations, and very just in his conclusions. He had only about twenty beds in the hospital (which, by the way, is not a large one), and usually not more than half of them were occupied by patients requiring special care, and not unfrequently an hour and a half or more were employed in examining two or three cases. A single case, examined in that minute and critical manner, is more valuable to all concerned than the largest number loosely and superficially inspected, and prescribed for at random. Indeed, such methods of procedure in the presence of students are positively pernicious, encouraging and forming in them the worst of habits.

May 4th, '59. To St. Bartholomew's Hospital this morning. This institution is the largest and most ancient in London. The statistics of the amount of medicines used show that dosing is by no means given over. It is stated that 2000 pounds weight of castor oil, 1000 pounds

of senna, 27 cwt. of salts, 12 tons of linseed meal, are among the annual items. The number of surgical cases may be judged by the fact that 5000 yards of calico are used for bandages every year. They seem to have confidence in sarsaparilla, as more than half a hundred weight is used every week; and that they are not altogether insensible to the good effects of blood-letting is shown by the fact that within a single year, not long since, 29,700 leeches were bought for the use of the establishment. Was too late for the morning lectures and followed the crowds into Dr. Martin's department for out-patients. Found an immense number. On his last visiting day he prescribed for two hundred! He had two or three assistants, who aided him more or less in examining the cases. Physically, Dr. Martin is one of the finest persons I have seen here. He was very polite to me, though I showed him no letters, simply telling him I was a medical man from America. He of course prescribed very rapidly and without examining his cases fully and minutely. Fewer cases, examined and prescribed for more carefully, would be more improving. In the evening went to the Princess Theatre to hear Charles Kean in Henry the Fifth. The acting was fairly good, but the scenery was remarkably fine. In the "Siege of Harfleur" there must have been a hundred persons on the stage. In the representations of a

portion of the battle of Agincourt, the field was shown very beautifully, and the perspective was exceedingly fine. A historical episode was introduced, not in Shakespeare, showing the reception of King Henry after his return from the expedition, at the old London Bridge, — soldiers met by friends, wives, and sweethearts, solemn hymns and prayers, etc. A grand scene.

May 5th. This morning went to Enfield with some American friends, to see the Armory of the British Government. Fourteen hundred men are employed, who make fifteen hundred guns per week. All are made by machinery, which seems very perfect. It was gratifying to find that it was all American, and that Americans operated it. The chief engineer and in fact all the managing men are Americans. Mr. Harris, with whom I went, is on his way to Russia, sent for by the government to give advice respecting the rebuilding of the railroad bridges. Other Americans are there to manage the work. It seems to take Yankees to do things, at least some things; Englishmen have done and can do much.

May 6th. This has been one of my most interesting days in London, spent in the Abbey, which I entered at the Poets' Corner. The objects and associations of this sacred place, — the Pantheon of the glory of Britain, — and the emotions excited by a stay here of some hours, I

shall not attempt to describe. I left it deeply moved by its scenes and associations, lingering longest and with the fondest memories in the Poets' Corner, — worshiping, I may say, at the shrines of Shakespeare, Milton, Chaucer, Dryden, Thomson, and Gray; but lingering longest before the full length statue of Shakespeare, holding the scroll on which are inscribed the words from the Tempest, which can be better appreciated here than in any other place: —

> "And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
> The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
> And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a rack behind."

From the Abbey, through St. James Park to Marlborough House, to see the pictures.

May 7th. Went this morning at 8 o'clock to hear Dr. West lecture at St. Bartholomew's, and at 10 o'clock to University Hospital to meet Dr. Walshe. He was minute and accurate as usual in examining his patients. He is unquestionably an able man.

May 8th, Sunday. Listened to the full Cathedral service in St. Paul's this morning, and was disappointed in it. A large portion of the service was sung, and even that which was said was about the same as sung — intoned. It did not suit my sense of propriety or good taste, did

not inspire devotional feelings. The sermon was pretty good — correct doctrine, but without that definiteness or directness that produces effects. In the evening went to hear the Scotch divine, Rev. Dr. Cummings, who has written so much on the prophecies.

May 10th. Heard Dr. Todd this morning at King's College Hospital, and in the afternoon again followed Dr. Walshe through his wards. Heard Dr. Jenner lecture also on Pathology. As dull as possible. He lectures slowly, so that students can write the lecture down.

May 11th. Heard a clinical lecture from Dr. Parks at the University. Altogether the best talking and teaching I have heard yet. It was on diseases of the heart, or rather the methods of physical examinations of the heart. Dr. Parks is a comparatively young man, and his health is not firm, but should it continue as now, he cannot fail of being very useful as a teacher, and of attaining to still greater eminence. He has not the extent and minuteness of knowledge and the grasp of mind of Dr. Walshe, but he has more than his animation and zeal, and exceeds him in the power of communicating to others what he knows. Then to hear Dr. Carpenter. Found him lecturing on Medical Jurisprudence to a small class, less than twenty. He is a clear, plain, but not an animated or elegant, lecturer. Had a long conversation with him on medical

and educational matters. He said he intended to resign. The classes were too small and medical schools too numerous in London to pay any one well. On parting, I spoke to Dr. Carpenter of his works, particularly that on alcohol, to his evident satisfaction.

May 13th. Went this morning to King's College Hospital, where I met again Dr. Budd, and then to see Dr. Carpenter at his rooms in Piccadilly. Had a long talk with him on scientific and educational matters, on men and things. He said the tendency in England was to diminish rather than multiply species. Agassiz had fallen into the other train, viz., that of multiplying species, presuming that animals and plants found in different localties belonged to different species. His essay on classification, he said, was not thought well of at all in England; that Professor Agassiz, since he had been in America, not having come in contact with the more scientific men of Europe, had not been restrained by the opinions of others, and had adopted various strange notions. I was sorry to hear him speak so disparagingly of Agassiz, and asked how it was, if he had become so degenerate, that he had been offered by France the position of Director or Chief of the Jardin des Plantes, the highest scientific position, perhaps, in Europe. He replied, that it was because he was a special favorite of Louis Napoleon, that it was not by the advice

of the scientific men of France. I told him Professor Agassiz was looked upon in a very different light in America. I fear men are jealous here, as well as elsewhere. Professor Agassiz is adding more new facts to zoölogical science, in his new field of observation, than all the Englishmen put together, and their jealousy is consequently excited. He is overturning some of their theories, and they are therefore disposed to undervalue him. I asked him if some Englishmen were not inclined to look with disparaging suspicions upon what originated in America, and referred to Lord Granville's speech, delivered only the day before as Chancellor of the University of London — of which Dr. Carpenter is Registrar — in which he claimed for English scientists the credit of disarming the thunderbolt of its terrors, and rendering the electric telegraph available for transmitting intelligence. He said Franklin was an English-born subject. I replied that he was an American, who contributed by his counsel as much as any one else to oppose the country which seemed inclined to claim him. Dr. Carpenter was, however, very polite, and took me through all the rooms of the Royal Society in Burlington House, and showed me the library, the original portraits and busts of its distinguished members, etc., etc. He presented me with various documents connected with the London University, which I am very

glad to have. They propose granting degrees in science, B. S. and D. S., requiring only a sufficient knowledge of ancient languages for matriculation, which is not great, and which Dr. Carpenter said, in Greek, could be obtained by "cramming" in a few weeks. He and the University entertain liberal views respecting education, believing that scientific pursuits afford quite as much mental cultivation as languages. The more enlightened minds here are tending in that direction. Professor Huxley and many others think sciences more important as means of education — as producing accomplished men — than ancient languages, and that a degree in science is as important as a degree in art, is an evidence of as high cultivation and a more useful store of knowledge. They also believe that students should be allowed to choose from a large number of subjects, certain of them being required to entitle them to a degree. Dr. Tyndall says: "It is a moderate claim of scientific knowledge that it should stand on an equal footing with classical knowledge."

Saturday, May 14th, '59. Received an invitation to the soirée of the Royal Society, and went to Burlington House at 9.15 o'clock. Was announced, and received by the President, Sir Benjamin Brodie. Here I had an opportunity of seeing a large body of the most learned and distinguished men of England in literature and

science; and a more intellectual and dignified set of men I have certainly never seen, and might add, scarcely expect to see.

Among many others of note, there were present the Bishops of Winchester, Ripon, Carlisle, London, and Oxford; Sir James Ross, Sir James Clark, Professors Sharpey, Faraday, and Wheatstone; Sir J. Forbes, Sir C. Laycock, Drs. Bruce, Jones, Watson, and Fuller; Mr. Fergusson, etc., etc. Various objects of scientific interest were exhibited during the evening; among them, our countryman Professor Hughes' printing telegraph.

I was very glad of the opportunity of seeing the members of this dignified society together.

May 16th. Visited the Eye Infirmary at Moorfields. The intelligent surgeons, Mr. Dixon and Mr. Hutchinson, were very attentive and polite.

May 17th. Spent most of the day at Guy's Hospital, in the museum, which is said to be the finest private medical museum — that is, not supported by government — in London or in the world.

May 18th. After hearing Drs. Parks and Erichsen lecture at University College, spent the rest of the day most delightfully at the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square, among the Raphaels, Titians, Rembrandts, Van Dycks, and all the great masters of the English school —

Reynolds, Lawrence, Turner, Gainsborough, Landseer, etc. My observation has convinced me that in this city alone may be found, if diligently sought, more than many travelers find in all Europe.

Thursday, May 19th. This morning to the Children's Hospital, and in the afternoon to hear Dr. Walshe. His lecture was an excellent one, the most discriminating and the ablest I have heard. It was delivered to thirteen students, two of them sleeping most of the time. The whole lecture abounded in the most discriminating and the closest exposition of principles.

In the evening went to the opera in Covent Garden, to hear Grisi and Mario, Tagliafico and Didiée in the opera of the Huguenots. The performance was grand, and to me almost overpowering. It left upon my mind a sense of delight that does not readily wear away. Grisi was in unusually fine voice (it was said), and her acting was exceedingly good. The Queen was present with other members of the royal family and some of the cousins from Germany. Her Majesty looks much like any other mortal. Her nose is more prominent than the pictures represent. After the opera was concluded, Grisi and Didiée sang "God save the Queen" most exquisitely.

May 20th. To-day visited Windsor Castle. It is about twenty-two miles out of London, in

one of the most beautiful regions the sun ever shone upon, the ideal of a cultivated country. I was pleased beyond measure with it.

Sunday, May 22d. Went to church this morning, to St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and in the afternoon to Westminster Abbey.

Monday, 23d. To St. Bartholomew's, and spent two hours and more with Dr. Bailey among his out-patients. Found him an exceedingly clever man, kind, sensible, patient, painstaking, correct, communicative, giving students good practical instruction. He has recently been appointed Physician Extraordinary to the Queen, over many older men. I am very sure he is a good man.

Tuesday, 24th. To Guy's Hospital. . . .

May 25th. Visited to-day the Hanwell Insane Asylum. It is several miles out of town. I am greatly interested in the quiet beauty of the country villages. Rambled for an hour, this afternoon, through the grounds and about the buildings of the Temple, so filled with associations.

May 26th. Visited St. Thomas' Hospital this morning and saw Dr. Bennett and Dr. Peacock.

Sunday, May 29th. Went to church this morning, near my lodgings. His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury preached a charity sermon from the text, "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." His voice was so feeble that I did

not hear all his discourse, but what was audible seemed very good. There was nothing remarkable in the appearance of the highest dignitary of the Church of England. He was simple in address, manner, and surroundings.

June 1st, 1859. To-day has been Derby day, the Isthmian games of England, the carnival of the metropolis, for which Parliament suspends its sittings and the city exchanges are deserted. "The millions of London are unroofed upon the Downs." The horse that wins here has the highest name for speed. The stake is £6,900 or nearly $35,000. The simple racing was of far less interest than the spectacle of the people. All the best authorities said over half a million were present, from the highest of the aristocracy to the lowest of the city scum.

June 4th. Spent the morning in the Middlesex Hospital, then an hour or two in the National Gallery among the old pictures, and in the evening went to hear Madame Grisi in "Norma," at Covent Garden. She was in good voice and the Queen was there, but left before the ballet.

June 7th. Went this morning to see Dr. Murchison. Gave him a bottle of veratrum viride, New York manufacture. Dr. Murchison is an intelligent and enterprising man, and will give it a trial. He has written a good deal and very well of fever, in the "Edinburgh Journal."

Had a pleasant interview with him, but could not go with him to the Fever Hospital, because I wished to attend the grand affair of the opening of Parliament by the Queen. Was at Parliament House and Westminster Abbey from noon until 11.20 at night. First observed the arrival of those who were admitted to the House of Lords to witness the ceremonies and show themselves. They were mostly ladies, except officials, members of the diplomatic corps, etc. My former impressions of the fine physical development of English ladies were sustained by what I saw today. When tired of seeing these personages I went over to the Abbey and gazed on its monuments, seeing at each visit new beauties. As two o'clock approached, the hour for the Queen to leave the palace, two companies of Horse Guards and one of Foot appeared, the latter being stationed near the grand entrance, while the former were distributed along the route, to keep it clear. The mass of the people scattered along the way were of the lower orders, contrasting painfully in their rags and filth with the splendid equipages and their occupants. At length the great state carriage of the Queen appeared, drawn by the eight cream horses, with outriders and a man on foot leading each horse, guards, "beef-eaters" from the Tower, etc., etc. The poor innocent little Queen, like some golden idol, as uninfluential, and of her own movings as

dumb, is made to speak of "my" government, "my" people, and "my" doings as the person moving everything, instead of the puppet she is. This, however, is the best kind of sovereign the English can have. A strong hand and will on the throne they would not perhaps tolerate. Had from Mr. Dallas a ticket of admission to the House of Lords, for the session which commenced at five o'clock. This was a great treat, though I was exceedingly fatigued before the session, which continued six hours, was over. The debate was upon the address presented upon the speech from the throne. The speech was read by the Lord Chancellor from the woolsack. The address in reply was moved by the Earl of Powis, in military uniform, whose manner of speaking was formal, indistinct, and unimpressive. The Earl of Granville, the leader of the opposition in the House of Lords, spoke at length, and in a much better style. He rejoiced that he belonged to the Liberal party, which from his earliest recollection had always originated and promoted, if they had not always been the persons to carry, those great measures of progress that have been placed upon the statute book. He was followed by Lord Malmesbury, Minister of Foreign Affairs, in support of the government. Then the Marquis of Normanby, and the Earl of Carlisle spoke. The great Lord Brougham followed, and

made an extended speech on a subject of great interest, the present condition of Europe, and on a most important occasion, when much was expected of him. He looks hale and vigorous, and showed no physical feebleness. I was interested in him and his speech beyond measure, but comparing him to Webster, Clay, or Calhoun, he seems to me inferior as a speaker. He has not the dignity and weight of Webster, the enthusiasm and clearness of Clay, nor the clear, terse, spiritual fire of Calhoun. He is abrupt, forcible, energetic in manner; throws bolts and shots, as it were, but does not rise into a stream of grand eloquence, enthusiasm, elevation, or power. Still it was worth a great deal to have heard him. His hair is nearly white, crown bald, and brows jagged. He placed the responsibility of the war on Sardinia, advised caution as to France, said prophecies from high places cost little, and wise people took them for what they cost. He exhorted to the formation of a strong government in the present crisis, sinking personal differences and ambitions for the general good in a time of peril. Next, the Duke of Argyle. He is tall and well-formed, with red hair, and spoke well. Manner, voice, and language all good, though not striking. Next, the Earl of Derby, the Premier, closed the debate for the evening in defense of the government. He spoke with fluency and considerable effect;

was often witty, exciting a laugh and cheers. Saw Lord Macaulay, sixteen bishops, and hosts of others too numerous to mention.

June 9th, '59. The war news is of course read with interest every morning. So far the French and Sardinians seem to have been successful over the Austrians generally. The bloody battle of Magenta, though apparently favorable to the allies — the Austrians having retired — was still a closely contested affair, with heavy losses on both sides, and both sides fighting well. A terribly bloody war was inevitable between such armies, and its horrors are fast being realized, passing into history. In Parliament the whole affair, and indeed war in general, is characterized as a stupendous crime by the orators; but they seem to forget that the same denunciations might apply with awful force to themselves in the past, and the world will see whether they will not again in the future.

Went at half past twelve to Charing Cross Hospital, and at four o'clock to the House of Commons, a ticket from our minister admitting me to the Speaker's gallery, where the seats are cushioned and with backs. Well, I have attended a great debate in the House of Commons on a great occasion; have seen the temper and spirit of the house. It was much more boisterous and less dignified than I had expected; much cheering and counter cheering,

with no effort on the part of the Speaker to stop it. Major-General Wavell, an old member of the Royal Society, who has been often in America, and lately in Germany, and who seemed quite inclined to converse after he learned I was an American, characterized the proceedings as resembling the exhibition of a bear-garden. It was the struggle on the one side for the retention of power and office, and on the other for the possession or acquisition of office and power at a time the most critical in the history of Europe, furnishing the actors in quickly coming events probable opportunities of enrolling their names permanently and conspicuously on the pages of history. Besides, the full instinct of party feeling was brought into play, the members just back from a heated contest before their constituents. The conservatives now claim to be the reformers. After several speakers came Mr. Bright, an extreme Liberal and sturdy Independent. He made an excellent impression, and I was more delighted with his speech and with him than with any one else. He spoke deliberately but tellingly. He opposed the present measures for increasing the defenses of the country, which I could not quite understand until I learned that he is a Quaker, and of course on principle goes against any war, under any circumstances, and all preparations for war as well. His independence was ad-

mirable. He went for a change because the opponents of the present government were more favorable to reform than the Tories. He should go against them when they did wrong, and there was a prospect of doing better with others. Mr. Disraeli is a tall and very intellectual looking man, with a grave, serious face. He never smiled or seemed moved amidst all the uproar. Lord Palmerston is rather tall, with a very prominent nose and a fine head.

Paris, June 11th, 1859. Am at the Hôtel du Louvre in this other great centre of civilization, fashion, learning, pleasure, taste, and I must perhaps add, without expressing all, vice and folly also. Crossed from Folkestone to Boulogne. We chose to walk from the custom house to the station, as we had some two hours to wait, and were told that our luggage would be sent on in due time, the price of sending each trunk being one franc. This was paid, and we started leisurely on. On looking around we saw our luggage — the large hand trunks of both my Scotch friend and myself — on the back of one old woman, moving off towards the station, some three quarters of a mile distant. A large basket, to which was attached a strap passing around the shoulders, rested upon the stooping back of the old woman, and the heavy trunks were thrown into the basket. I never had such services as this performed by a woman for me be-

fore, and though I was passive in the matter, and did not know that my franc was going for such a purpose, I felt my manhood suffering at the sight. It seems to me a burning disgrace to any people that tolerates such customs. This was the first characteristic sight I saw on the Continent of Europe, in the refined country of France! The very thing which on our side of the water marks the barbarism of our savage aborigines, women doing drudgery that men would despise to do; for men, it seems, will not carry trunks such a distance here. Everything is on a large, fine scale in this hotel. It has 750 rooms, and the main central court, into which carriages come, is covered by a roof of glass. Before closing my journal for the day I wish to record my impression of French *politeness*, as exhibited in a railway coach. In coming from Amiens to Paris I was in a first class coach with four other men beside myself, and one lady. They were all French, none speaking English. The gentleman who was with the lady did not smoke, the three others did, two of them almost incessantly, and one of them absolutely every moment of the time from entering until leaving. Of course the coach was filled with smoke. The lady evidently disliked it very much, was made ill by it, changed her seat and moved as close as possible to the open window to get a breath of fresh air. Smoking uninterrupted! I bore it

as well as I could; could not use French to insinuate its disagreeableness, and for a long time appeared indifferent. When, however, cigar after cigar was lighted by the stump of its predecessor, my brain and my patience gave way, and I resorted to pantomime. I leaned away from my companion — the perpetual smoker — perpetual still. One of the men, a pale, yellow, bent, sad, tobacco-poisoned wretch, at length gave out, and sank into a sort of narcotic slumber. The other, a globular-faced, long-mustached, embroidered-capped, gold-chained, selfish looking animal, had more endurance and puffed on. It rained, and the window was closed. I opened it. The lady gave increased signs of distress. The brutish smoker saw it all, but he puffed away. He looked guilty, and avoided my eye. A man so constituted has a most degraded nature, or has been wofully corrupted in his moral as well as in his physical nature by a vicious habit.

The next few pages of the journal are filled with accounts of the sights of Paris, excursions to St. Cloud, Versailles, Le Petit Trianon, etc., and of frequent visits to the great hospitals.

June 17th. Changed my lodgings from the Louvre to comfortable and quiet rooms in the Latin quarter, where I can see more of medical men and student life. I am informed that but few students from America study much when

here; that their habits are by no means such as to improve either their morals or intellects. Indeed, my information and observation lead me to the conclusion, that a student spending time abroad is not necessarily improved. They are far from home influences and restraints, in the midst of bad examples and surrounded by every temptation; and with many young men the effect cannot be otherwise than bad. I shall be inclined to advise caution about sending young men abroad, especially to Paris.

June 19th. On my return from Versailles, called on Dr. Brown-Séquard, who lives out of the city. Found him exceedingly polite and agreeable, and engaged to visit him again and see some of his experiments. Have been every day to some hospital or medical school, beginning at eight o'clock in the morning. My afternoons are generally given to matters of more general interest.

July 1st. I have seen most of the notable places of Paris, and am becoming almost weary of sight-seeing. One small picture gallery, containing the works of Ary Scheffer, I must not forget to mention. A visit to this gave me more pleasure than to any other of the kind I have seen. There are about one hundred paintings, exhibiting a subdued beauty and spirituality that I have never witnessed before. The coloring is not brilliant, is even dull and chalky in some of

the pieces, but even in these there is a purity and elevation of thought, a spirituality, that is beyond all praise, subduing, melting the heart, and bringing tears to the eyes. Many of the subjects are sacred: "Christ in the Garden of Olives," the "Mater Dolorosa," the "Holy Women at the Tomb," etc. Several subjects are taken from "Faust." "Marguerite," as she was first seen by Faust in her perfect purity and simplicity, then in her fall and anguish, and after the storm had passed and she was again in her cottage, subdued, calm, but sad. Nothing can exceed the beauty of these productions. The convalescent mother, attended by her children, in her first walk, was very impressive. Perhaps, however, the finest of all are yet to be mentioned, "L' Amour divin et l' Amour terrestre," and "Les Douleurs de la Terre." The first consisted of two female figures: one a child of nature, beautiful, impassioned, the embodiment of human or earthly love; the other devoted to religion and pointing the former to the beatitudes above. I have no language to express my appreciation of the conception and execution of these figures. "Les Douleurs de la Terre" is a large picture, representing a group of many figures, rising above each other, the pains and sorrows of earth transforming the successive figures into expressions of heavenly aspiration and at last beatitude. To say that this picture

is *glorious* is tame. I am still more at a loss than in the former case to find words to express my admiration of this great work. The lower figures expressed suffering, the loss of friends, children, companions; the next above grief, but hope and aspiration, while the last or highest denoted a beatific state. A week after seeing these pictures I am almost overcome with emotion in thus recalling them to mind.

Spent most of the day with Dr. Brown-Séquard at his residence in Bellevue. Took breakfast with him and his wife. She was a Boston girl, and is a very intelligent and pleasant woman. Then witnessed some vivisections, illustrating the physiology of the nervous system. The day was a most interesting one. We had much conversation on various subjects. The Doctor is well posted on American medical affairs. He said he would prefer to live in America, breathed much freer there. He was very bitter against Napoleon; said he was insane in his passion for military glory — that he wished to subdue not only Austria but Germany as well, and above all to humble England. I pleaded for Napoleon his declarations, his promises, and his interests, all of which indicated that he would give independence to Italy and sheathe his sword. I told him it was a compliment to America that Professor Agassiz and Dr. Brown-Séquard had both selected American wives.

This remark did not appear to be offensive to Madame Séquard. Their acquaintance began by their taking lessons together, and his interest was excited by her kindly correcting some of his errors.

I have visited a large number of hospitals and seen many medical men of note. Those in whom I have been most interested are the following: at the clinique of the school of medicine, Nélaton, a kind, sensible, good man, with a refined and gentle face (one of the surgeons to the Emperor); at "La Charité," Velpeau, precise, accurate, laborious, careful, not very communicative at the bedside; then Piorry, famous for his percussion; pretends to tell more by percussion than any one else, and probably can do it. He uses a plexímeter, one of which I have obtained. He is somewhat peculiar in his manner, often appealing to by-standers about the sounds. At the Hôtel Dieu have seen Trousseau, and M. Grissolle in the School of Medicine, and at the Lariboissière, M. Chassagnac. This is a modern hospital, perhaps the finest in Paris. It is large and well ventilated, at least well for a Paris hospital. It is stated that the percentage of successful operations is greater here than elsewhere in Paris, this being due, as some think, entirely to the better ventilation, while Chassagnac attributes it to his methods of treatment. He is the hero of the "*écraseur*" and of "tubing

in suppuration." He seems at present much possessed with this plan of his, and spoke to me about his work on the subject. The number of beds in all the hospitals of Paris, in a population of one million and several hundred thousand, is 17,460, and they are generally all full. Saw Drs. Cazenave and Hardy, who at present are very prominent here. Most of the distinguished men here have large brains and are stout.

Visited also the Maison Esquirol, a private asylum for the more wealthy insane, a most secluded and delightful retreat in a village some distance from the city. The extensive grounds are surrounded by high walls, screened from sight by almost forest foliage. There is one building of considerable size, where some of the patients assemble for meals and social amusement. Most of the patients are in small cottages, accommodating only three or four. Some are almost entirely isolated. Each house of this kind is separated from the others by walls, obscured by foliage, or sunken out of sight in ditches. There is combined here every variety of plan of treatment, adapted to each case. The most violent of all are occasionally put in a strong net, which is suspended, and which renders all the patient's efforts to inflict injury upon himself ineffectual.

The new hospital for convalescents out of the city was built by the present Emperor, and is

the best appointed place I have yet seen in France.

I have, on the whole, seen but little in Paris that was new to me in a professional way, though I have after all picked up quite a good deal, and at least know how things are done. There are many able men here in the profession, and those who regularly enter the study for degrees are thoroughly drilled, at least are thoroughly examined. But the teaching of Americans can be quite as well done in America. Dr. Bowditch, who has been here lately, says clinical instruction is not attended to as it was twenty-five years ago, in the days of Chomel, Andral, and Louis.

It is not surprising that, in the flush and heyday of the senses, the young man should be pleased with Paris. He dislikes to leave it; "London looks gloomy and is a bore." He has felt here great personal security, the streets are beautifully lighted, new streets are opened, and fine buildings erected; gendarmes, quiet and watchful, are on every corner; he feels that while he does not meddle with the government or its affairs, every gendarme is watching for his safety; he praises the Emperor, and is in ecstasies over the beauty and grace of the Empress, and often goes so far as to think that despotism is a boon and democracy a humbug. He takes a single view of a few isolated facts, which

are to be sure most patent and obvious, and which relate to his present convenience, and contrasts Paris with New York, greatly in favor of the former.

He compares the public institutions, the schools of medicine and law, the length of the courses of instruction, the thoroughness of their examinations, and again the comparison is unfavorable to his own country. He does not, however, consider the differences in the condition of the great masses of the people, in their intelligence, their education, their freedom, and manhood. He forgets that after all the capital city comprises but a small portion of the people and interests of any country, that the virtue and happiness of the masses of the people of the country is the great point.

July 18th. Left Paris at six this morning. The harvest is in full progress. Saw on the way car-loads of coal, with whitewash sprinkled over the top of the coal, to enable them to detect any disturbance of it. *An idea.* Bought a note book at Amiens. The shop-woman, though neither young nor beautiful, yet had a grace of manner peculiar to French women.

Lisle, Bruges, Ghent, Brussels, Antwerp, the Hague, Scheveningen, and Amsterdam, were next visited, with enthusiastic enjoyment of the old pictures, churches, and all the novel sights of the Netherlands.

Bruges, July 19th. Saw at Notre Dame preparations for a service for the repose of a soul. The survivor had brought to the church, as an offering, a large quantity — as much as two cords — of bread, to be distributed to the poor. This will allay the hunger of many bodies, whatever it may do for the dead man's soul.

Ghent, July 20th. Nothing I have ever seen equals the spirituality of the head of the Saviour by Van Eyck, at the convent here. Visited today the cathedral of St. Bavon. "The Adoration of the Spotless Lamb," painted by Hubert and John Van Eyck in 1432, is one of the best pictures I have ever seen. The coloring is in a most remarkable state of preservation. The beauty and grace of the Virgin and the exquisiteness of the painting it seemed to me I had never seen equaled.

Bonn, July 30, 1859. Found at my hotel three American students. Two of them were kind enough to accompany me to the library and to the house of Professor Busch, the present Dean of the medical faculty, and surgical professor in the University of Bonn. I introduced myself, and found him most polite. He took me over his hospital and through his museums, and I have been exceedingly interested. Found he had more cases of certain kinds than I have seen in some very large hospitals. There seems to be a great deal of scrofulous disease among

the poor peasants, who are not properly nourished. Though the town contains only 15,000 inhabitants, the hospital is well supplied from the country around, patients coming great distances for free and superior treatment. Dr. Busch uses photography quite extensively. The University is in the old palace of the Electors of Cologne; the buildings extend nearly a quarter of a mile, with a fine park in front. There are about nine hundred students. Dr. Busch has sent me documents respecting the University and numerous pamphlets of his own, has introduced me to some of his colleagues, and in every way has been exceedingly polite. He is a young man, full of enthusiasm, and will make his mark. He spoke of America as the land of the future. I was delighted with him. My rooms here overlook the Rhine and the seven hills in the near distance across the river.

July 31st. Arrived at Coblenz and took a carriage to Stolzenfels, the summer residence of the King of Prussia. The castle has recently been restored, and though comparatively small for a royal palace is most picturesque and fine. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the situation and the view of the river up and down and the valley opposite.

Next followed Wiesbaden, Frankfort on the Main, and Heidelberg. The old castle of Heidelberg and the beautiful valley of the Neckar seem to have especially enchanted him.

The journal shows how keen an interest he felt in the poorer classes, their modes of life, their habits as to temperance, their education, methods of tilling the soil, their health, and the comparative comfort of their homes. After Baden Baden, Strasburg, and Basel, came a delightful tour of Switzerland, and then the return by way of Geneva and Lyons to Paris, which he reached in time to witness the grand entrée of the army after the Italian campaign.

Paris, August 14th, 1859. The army came in from camp, and were gathered near the Bastille, then passed up the Boulevard to the Place Vendôme, where they were reviewed by the Emperor. It is impossible to describe the impression made by this vast army of 80,000 men, and the still more numerous throng that had come out to see them. The Emperor rode at the head of the columns, preceded only by heralds to give notice of his approach. He rode a chestnut horse, and sat the horse well. He looked sunburnt, and showed the effect of exposure in Italy. I stood upon a chair, looking over the heads of others, and had a good view. He stopped very near me, and remained some time, turning around, so that I saw him clearly and distinctly, and shall remember the expression of his countenance. It was not so unpleasant as I had supposed. In position, fame, and influence in the affairs of nations, he must be regarded as the foremost man of all the world at this present time. All Europe is looking to his movements, studying his character, scrutinizing his motives,

and speculating upon his future course with the most intense interest. England is almost trembling for fear of him, and Germany is in a steady blaze of rage towards him. France submits to his sway, quietly at present, but her wisest and best men regard him with suspicion and distrust; yet all must acknowledge that everywhere material improvements are in progress; that the people have every personal liberty, except that of expression, that can be desired; that security of person and property was never greater; and that nowhere are the ordinary functions of government better performed. Moreover, he amuses the people with fêtes and displays, which the French enjoy beyond any others, and has gratified his army with a short but brilliant campaign. I have seen to-day the army of Italy, from the commander in chief to the last trooper that could mount a horse, and even to the last "vivandière," in her trousers, boots, and military coat, with the canteen swung over her shoulder. The procession was five hours in passing the point where I stood. The men showed the effect of hard service; they all looked thin and sunburnt, and nearly all malarious. I could understand more fully than before the motives Napoleon had for terminating the war. Disease would have soon made sad havoc among his men, and reverses might have followed.

August 15th. To-day was the great Fête Na-

poleon. There was a Te Deum in the morning at Notre Dame, the theatres were open and free to all the people, and there were balloon ascensions and all kinds of amusements. But the greatest display was reserved for the evening. All the public buildings were illuminated — the Hôtel de Ville, the legislative building, the Pantheon, and Notre Dame. The most beautiful sight of all was the garden of the Tuileries, which was one blaze of gorgeous beauty. I happened to be present when the Emperor and Empress came out upon the balcony facing the garden, to receive the congratulations of the people. The whole scene was like fairy land. An infinite number of vari-colored lights, arranged in the most graceful forms, made a blaze of glorious light. The moon, at full, looked out in its usual placid mood through a transparent sky, occasionally overspread by flying clouds, but both it and the stars were outshone, to Parisians, by the artificial fires. At intervals fireworks — superb bouquets of colored lights, filling the whole heavens — were sent up from across the Seine and the Hôtel des Invalides.

Drunkenness is much more frequent in Paris than is generally supposed or stated, but drunken men are more quiet, much less noisy in the street, than with us, and are thus often overlooked by superficial observers.

August 18th. Have been occupied with busi-

ness for the University for the last two days, though I spent two or three hours in the Louvre.

August 23d. Met Dr. Brown-Séquard to-day, and then went with a patient to Dr. Ricord. His rooms were full, many waiting and with much impatience. He formed an opinion and gave advice speedily, without fully appreciating all the circumstances. I was glad of an opportunity of seeing him and his method of doing business. Dined with Dr. Lindsley.

Friday, August 26th. Spent the day yesterday in saying good-by to friends, and left Paris early this morning for Havre and Southampton, spending several hours at Rouen en route. Was much interested in the cathedral and the beautiful church of St. Ouen, the architecture of which has been the subject of so much comment. While in Rouen a violent shower came on and the streets were converted into rivers, some of them crossed by temporary bridges, the builders receiving toll. All the drainage is above ground. The Hôtel de Ville is built upon the foundations of an old abbey, and has a curious staircase arched into the side of the wall. In the museum above I saw a cast of the head of Napoleon, taken after his death. The development is not so remarkable as in the statues and busts one sees of him.

Southampton, August 27th. Arrived here last evening. I am glad to be where my native

tongue is spoken, and to see the American flag floating from masts in the harbor.

Ventnor, August 27th. Evening. After a nice English breakfast at Southampton, embarked for the Isle of Wight, landing at Cowes. The island is beautiful, as every one knows. The south shore, under the cliffs, is seldom visited by frosts in the winter, and the air there is bracing, and dryer than in most other parts of England. It has been called the Madeira of England. There is a great variety of scenery on the island — hills, dales, pretty villages, cultivated fields, beautiful country seats, hedges and gardens, quaint little churches, cottages, and in some parts bold cliffs and rocky ledges. Had a delightful drive on the top of a stage-coach from Cowes to Newport, passing Osborne House, where the Queen now is, on the left, and thence to the south side of the island, seeing the Needles, Freshwater, etc., and reaching Ventnor at two P. M.

The same man was on the box all the way through — face as red as a turkey's head. He had been driving some fifty miles a day for twenty-one years, receiving no pay except gratuities from passengers. Met Dr. Garrod at Ventnor. He says London is deserted. Shall see him again at Aberdeen.

Sunday, August 28th. A beautiful morning. The town is quiet. Sunday is observed here in a Christian way — a great contrast to the Sun-

days in Paris. Ascended the hills high above the sea and the town, and am writing from this elevation, a most beautiful spot; solitude within reach of humanity. Church bells are ringing, the people begin to gather, and both duty and inclination prompt me to attend the service. Good-by Ventnor and the Downs. This is my first and probably my last visit. Was called upon late in the evening by Mr. Vesey, Consul at Havre, and Mr. Thomson, Consul at Southampton. They wished me to see a sick man at the latter place.

London, August 29th. Left Ventnor at eight o'clock this morning; rode on the coach to Ryde, through a beautiful country and one or two delightful villages with thatched and ivy-clad cottages. Ryde is beautifully situated, the ground ascending from the sea. One gets a good idea here of English country life in some of its aspects. Stayed two or three hours at Southampton, to see and give advice to an American from Cleveland, dying with consumption, and reached here early this evening.

On September 1st he left London for a short trip into Ireland, passing through Wales, and pausing for a visit to Pembroke Castle, "a magnificent old ruin, one of the finest in the kingdom."

September 3d. Reached Waterford early in the morning. This is the first Irish town I have seen, and in faith it is Irish "INTIRELY." Pat

flourishes in his entire purity only on his native soil, after all. Here he is seen in all his phases. Such a throng of ragamuffins can hardly be found elsewhere, with so few of the better class to relieve the picture.

After visiting the Lakes of Killarney, Cork, and Queenstown, he came to Dublin and spent some days in visiting the various medical colleges and hospitals, and meeting many of the most notable medical men.

Dublin, September 8th. Called on Dr. Stokes this morning. Found him more Irish in appearance than I had expected. He has a cast in one eye, and takes snuff freely. Inquired about schools and degrees in America. He is one of the Medical Council under the registration act. Foreign diplomas admit men to registration under it. Dr. Stokes also inquired about the physiological effects of climate in America; said that Irishmen who had been in America but a few years were much changed in accent, manner, and physical conformation, and thought there must be something in the climate to effect such changes. Called after dinner upon Dr. Beatty. Found him an exceedingly agreeable gentleman, stout and florid, and full of life and zeal. Am to dine with him to-morrow.

September 9th. Met this morning Dr. Banks, Professor of Medicine in Dublin University, an exceedingly intelligent and accomplished gentleman. He knew much about our country, and

spoke very kindly of Dr. Metcalf of New York. The hospitals here are very deficient in their ventilation. There is no forced ventilation in even the new part just erected. At seven went to Dr. Beatty's to dinner. Met Dr. Macnamara, Dr. Tufnill (English), and others, and had a pleasant time. Many stories were told. Learned in the course of the conversation that one of the three years of study required is a sham, merely nominal, and that competition exists in Dublin as elsewhere. Had occasion again to correct the impression, which seems general in England and Ireland, that nearly all Americans live in hotels.

September 9th. Breakfasted this morning with the governors of the Zoölogical Garden, at their place in Phœnix Park. Met a pleasant company, three, at least, of them medical men. Then went to the College of Surgeons. Afterwards met Dr. Macnamara at his dispensary. He explained all his *modus operandi* with patients. Public charity is paid for by the city. Medical men get £100 a year, and attend patients at their homes as well. Dr. Beatty took me afterwards to the Dublin University, and the Curator of the Museum of Zoölogy and lecturer on zoölogy showed me over the grounds and buildings. The buildings are very extensive and fine, including chapel, dining hall, etc. The scholars say grace in the dining hall as a condition of their scholarship. When the Curator learned I

was from Michigan, he asked me if Michigan was near Wisconsin. I said it was on the opposite side of Lake Michigan from Wisconsin. "Oh! it 's a town, then, on the lake shore; but is it in Wisconsin?"

Sunday, September 11th. After a pleasant breakfast at Dr. Banks' I went out by invitation to dine with Dr. Stokes at his country seat ten miles out of town. It is a beautiful place on the opposite side of the bay from Kingstown, the summer residence of the *fashion* of Dublin. Met Dr. Stokes and family coming out of church, and walked with them for a mile and a half or more, through beautiful groves, beside some fine fields with rugged rocks, and bright with the yellow blossoms of the furze, at sight of which Linnæus is said to have fallen down and in worship thanked God for its beauty. Passed by the castle of Lord Loundsbury, climbed over walls by steps, and altogether had a most romantic walk. The Doctor has a nice cottage, retired and quiet, near a grove under a hill. He has nine children, four grown up sons, all well educated, two of them lawyers and one studying medicine. Mrs. Stokes was not at home. Among the guests were the widow of a clergyman, very metaphysical, who talked of Kant, etc., and the Professor of Civil Law in Dublin University, who said they used as a text-book Story on "The Conflict of Laws," as affecting persons in different

countries. They have two professors of law in the University, one of Roman and one of English law. Their object was to instill principles, leaving students to learn the forms of practice in offices. Had generally about twenty-five in their classes. Met also there a young college student, J. P. Mahaffy, an enthusiastic young fellow, who praised very much Mr. Webb and his essay on "The Intellectuality of Locke," controverting everybody who accused him of sensuous philosophy, and declaring that Cousin and Hamilton did not understand him. Had a great deal of conversation and discussion on various subjects, — international copyright, language, Americanisms, etc., etc. Stayed till ten o'clock and drove to town by carriage. A most pleasant and profitable afternoon and evening.

Monday, September 12th, 1859. Breakfasted this morning with Dr. Churchill, a dapper little snuff-taking man with a good-sized wife and ten children. Drs. Stokes, Churchill, and Beatty all take snuff. Dr. C. said very few medical men took a fee at every visit. The fee is a guinea, but young men must take it only on every third or fourth visit, according to the position of the medical man and the wealth of the patient. Had much conversation with him about slavery and the negroes, a subject he had studied much. He said I had given him some new ideas about equality and our prejudices of race.

At the end of these pleasant days in Dublin, he crossed from Belfast to Greenock, and after seeing the cathedral, the University, and everything of interest in Glasgow, proceeded directly to Aberdeen, to be present at the "British Association for the Advancement of Science," to which he was a delegate from the American Medical Association. This was, indeed, a memorable occasion, which brought together the most illustrious scientific men of Great Britain; and we can easily imagine the intense interest with which our traveler, in the freshness of his enthusiasm and his eagerness for knowledge and new light upon his own studies, listened to such men as Professor Owen, Sir Charles Lyell, Mr. Huxley, Sir John Lubbock, Professor Sharpey, Sir Robert Murchison, Sir David Brewster, Dr. Acland (now Sir Henry Acland) of Oxford, and Sir Benjamin Brodie. The succeeding pages of the journal contain full notes of the more important addresses, and the discussions that followed, but only a brief mention of some of the subjects can be given here.

Aberdeen, September 14th, 1859. Left Glasgow at nine this morning. The whole country between Glasgow and Aberdeen is well cultivated, and diversified with hills, dales, and plains, though occasionally there are heath-covered moors. The oat harvest is still in progress. There were often beautiful plots of flowers at the railway stations. Passed the battle-ground of Bannockburn, Stirling Castle, Perth, the residence of the "Fair Maid," and many other places known in history and celebrated in song. The sea views were fine as we approached Aberdeen. Had much difficulty in getting quarters, the town is so full, although it is a

city of 80,000 inhabitants. The opening meeting was immense, about three thousand being present.

The retiring President, Professor Owen, yielded the chair to his successor in a brief speech, and Prince Albert proceeded to deliver an opening address. It was an unpretending but clear and sensible production, and was well adapted to the occasion. He spoke in becoming terms of his inferiority as a man of science, compared with others around him, and claimed indulgence in his attempts to perform his duties, especially so, as he succeeded to "a man of whom the country was justly proud, and whose name stood among the foremost of the naturalists in Europe, for his patience in investigation, conscientiousness in observation, boldness of imagination, and acuteness in reasoning."

In mentioning the reasons which determined him to accept the office, he said: —

"Remembering that this Association is a popular Association, not a secret confraternity of men jealously guarding the mysteries of their profession, but inviting the uninitiated, the public at large, to join them; having as one of its objects to break down one of those imaginary and hurtful barriers which exist between men of science and so-called men of practice, — I felt that I could, from the peculiar position in which Providence has placed me in this country, appear as the representative of that large public which profits by and admires your exertions, but is unable actively to join in them; that my election was an act of humility on your part

which to reject would have looked like false humility, that is like pride, on mine. But I reflected further, and saw in my acceptance the means, of which necessarily so few are offered to her Majesty, of testifying to you, through the instrumentality of her husband, that your labors are not unappreciated by your sovereign, and that she wishes her people to know this as well as yourselves."

He then spoke of the objects of the Association in very proper terms, and proceeded to give his notions of science; the following extract, serving as a specimen of his style of thought and expression, is worthy of being reproduced: —

"To me, science, in its most general and comprehensive acceptation, means the knowledge of what I know, the consciousness of human knowledge. Hence to know is the object of all science; and all special knowledge, if brought to our consciousness in its separate distinctiveness of form, and yet in its recognized relation to the totality of our knowledge, is scientific knowledge. We require, then, for science — that is to say, for the acquisition of scientific knowledge — those two activities of our minds which are necessary for the acquisition of *any* knowledge, — analysis and synthesis; the first, to dissect and reduce into its component parts the object to be investigated, and to render an accurate account to ourselves of the nature and qualities of these parts by observation; the second, to recompose the observed and understood parts into a unity in our consciousness, exactly answering to the object of our investigation. The labors of the man of science are therefore at once the most humble and the loftiest which man can undertake. He only does what every little child does from its first awakening into life, and must do every moment of its existence; and yet he aims at the gradual approximation to divine truth itself. If, then, there exists no difference between the work of the man of

science and that of the merest child, what constitutes the distinction? Merely the conscious self-determination. The child observes what accident brings before it, and unconsciously forms its notion of it; the so-called practical man observes what his special work forces upon him, and he forms his notions upon it with reference to this particular work. The man of science observes what he intends to observe, and knows why he intends it. The value which a peculiar object has in his eyes is not determined by accident, nor by an external cause, such as the mere connection with work to be performed, but by the place which he knows this object to hold in the general universe of knowledge, by the relation which it bears to other parts of that general knowledge.

"To *arrange* and *classify* that universe of knowledge becomes therefore the first, and perhaps the most important, object and duty of science. It is only when brought into a system, by separating the incongruous, and combining those elements in which we have been enabled to discover the internal connection which the Almighty has implanted in them, that we can hope to grapple with the boundlessness of his creation, and with the laws which govern both mind and matter. The operation of science then has been, systematically to divide human knowledge, and raise, as it were, the separate groups of subjects for scientific consideration into different and distinct sciences."

He spoke for about fifty minutes with a fairly distinct and agreeable voice, and with a moderate German accent, and his effort was very well received by one of the most intelligent audiences ever assembled.

September 15th. Went this morning to the Physiological Section, of which Professor Sharpey is President. Professor Sharpey is a noble speci-

men of a clear-headed, honest-hearted, scientific man, large and erect in body and mind. Professor Bennett, of Edinburgh, presented the first subject, on "The Structure of the Nerve Tubes."

Dr. Foster read a paper on "The Action of the Heart of some Lower Animals" (snails, etc.), tending to encourage the idea that there is a property inherent in muscle to contract rhythmically, without the influence of nerves. In the discussion that followed, Mr. Huxley said these experiments applied to the frog would have met with different results. In the higher animals the heart is evidently under the controlling influence of nerves.

Mr. G. H. Lewes — not a medical man, but an able popular writer — sent in three papers on physiological subjects. He attacked prevailing views with boldness and vigor, and brought some out severely against him, especially Dr. Bennett.

Mr. L. found fault with a want of accurate definitions of *sensation*, and various other terms used. Announced as a truism, that identity of structure gives identity of function, and diversity of structure diversity of function; declared the structure of what we called sensory and motor nerves to be identical, questioning the common distinction; declared the gray matter of the nerves to be identical with the gray matter of the brain; inferred identity of function, — a force of their own, like brain force; proposed

new terms,—"neurility" and "sensibility," giving each specific meanings, etc., etc. Dr. Bennett's criticisms I thought very loose and illogical. Professors Sharpey, Thomson, and Huxley, and Sir B. Brodie, were more liberal and fair in their remarks, admitting, as all must, that we have much to learn in relation to the physiology of the nerves. The discussion was exceedingly interesting, but took too broad a range, and was too much diversified, to be reported here.

For my own part, I felt much interested in Mr. Lewes. I hope he will go on with his physiological writings. It is alleged that he is an "outsider," but outsiders, in regard to any science or subject, may be useful critics nevertheless. We often consult even children as to the faithfulness of a picture to nature, and profit by their opinions. Improvements in medical science have sometimes come from non-professional persons, — political improvements from those who have not been educated in politics. But Mr. Lewes, though not a professional man, has studied, it was stated, physiology thoroughly, and is well versed in its literature, perhaps much better than some who might criticise him. While I would not receive such a man as an authority, I would listen to him as a witness, and would receive his suggestions for what they were worth.

In the evening went to the conversazione in

the great Music Hall. There was a fine display of men and women and dress, and also an interesting exhibition of historical pictures, archæological objects, photographs, and microscopes of every kind. These latter attracted much attention. There was music during the evening, and refreshments were served, but nothing alcoholic.

September 16th. Heard a paper this morning by Professor Laycock on "The Handwriting and Drawing of the Insane," as illustrative of some modes of cerebral functions. Some insane persons have skill in drawing, even when in a state of dementia. He assumes that the brain is the organ of the mind, and in diseases of the mind the brain is diseased. There are no means of knowing whether the spinal cord has the power of consciousness. There are three modes of ascertaining thoughts, — speech, writing, painting and sculpture. He showed various specimens of drawing and writing, — some beautiful drawings of houses, castles, etc.; and some sermons, written in the most accurate and minute hand. As disease advances the hand fails, and the mind fails at the same time. In cases of this kind there may be softening or hardening of the brain; but when the power over the hand is preserved, there is no structural change. When there is structural change, there is failure of power. Different parts of the brain have different functions. A discussion followed, in which I

took a part; Sir Benjamin Brodie expressing the opinion that softening is often hypothetical. In the evening went to the great hall to hear Sir Robert Murchison, geologist of Great Britain by appointment, give a lecture on the geology of Scotland. The oldest rock in Europe is in Scotland, — equally old and much more extensive in America. Air-breathing animals — lizard tribes —found in the yellow sandstone near Elgin, which had before been considered as belonging to the old red sandstone period, where only the remains of fishes had before been observed, — this was a great puzzle, which they did not know how to overcome. He complimented Agassiz, Hugh Miller, and others; but, as a Scotchman said, above the rocks and before the rocks was Sir Robert Murchison. A medal was presented to him on the stage, from the Royal Society of Edinburgh, by the president of the meeting, Sir David Brewster. Sir David is very old and very gray. His race is drawing to a close. Speeches were made by Sir Charles Lyell and others, and the meeting was most interesting.

Saturday, September 17th. Heard a paper by A. Thomas, Esq., on "The Aberdeen Industrial Feeding School," for the care of beggar children, who are "fed, washed, and taught in it." The benefits and results had been counteracted by "Schools for teaching Crime," two if not three of which were in operation from 1850 to 1855, and

were actually attended by thirty or forty pupils each. They were broken up, and the teachers convicted of crime and punished. Voluntary effort must begin where beneficent laws end. After the best of laws, voluntary efforts are necessary to complete the beneficent system. There must be love of God and love to man, religious education, as well. The address was received with much favor. Next, John Cranfurd, F. R. S., on "The Effects of the Influx of Precious Metals which followed the Discovery of America." In the last ten years £208,000,000 of gold had been imported into Europe from America. During the first century after the discovery of America £36,000,000 were imported; afterwards £20,000,000 in ten years, He thinks, contrary to the statement of Adam Smith, that prices were not enhanced by it, but rather by changes from barbarism to comparative civilization. The next paper, on "The New Gold, and its Effects," was by Mr. Fawcett, a blind man, who repeated his paper from memory. Prices of produce will not indicate the price of gold, as these are varied by supply and demand. Wheat in England had fallen in price and meat had advanced, because wheat could readily be imported from abroad, while meat could not. The gold of California and Australia came in to fill up a gap. Gold-digging must be on a level in profit with other labor. When gold depre-

ciates in value, digging will be less profitable; this will lead to its abandonment, and thus prices will be advanced. The discourse was exceedingly logical and clear. The President, Lord Monteagle, made some very sensible remarks to the effect that gold and silver, though used as standards, have their prices determined, like other commodities, by supply and demand. If gold is increased in quantity, it is diminished in price, all things else being equal.

Monday, September 19th. Heard a paper by Dr. Bennett on "The Molecular Theory of Organization." Next, Dr. A. B. Garrod, on "The Specific, Chemical, and Microscopical Phenomena of Gouty Inflammation." In the discussion that followed, Dr. Bennett suggested that whisky punch prevented gout. Dr. Palmer denied this. In the evening heard the Rev. Dr. Robinson on "The Passage of Electricity through Various Media." Brilliant and beautiful phenomena of light.

Tuesday, September 20th, 1859. Received an invitation to breakfast with the Medico-Chirurgical Society. Some sixty or seventy medical men were present, and the reunion was a very pleasant one. There were toasts to the Queen, Prince Albert, the Association, and Professor Owen; Dr. Bennett and the foreign guests; the British Medical Association, etc.

Dr. Bennett said Dr. Graves, of Dublin, told

him his first course of clinical lectures continuously given was to *two* students, but one of them, he added, was Dr. Stokes. Dr. Bennett himself gave a continuous course of lectures to two, and one of them was Dr. Redfern, now president of both the Medical and Philosophical Societies of Aberdeen. Professor Owen made a fine speech. He was very much praised when his name was proposed. He is a medical man, and was in practice before he devoted himself to science especially.

The first paper this morning was by G. H. Lewes, "A Demonstration of the Muscular Sense," attempting to show a *sixth* or muscular sense. Professors Sharpey and Bennett, Dr. Redfern and Dr. Palmer, took part in the discussion. Mr. Huxley made some most sensible remarks, showing that we cannot be sure about consciousness except in our own person. We must judge by analogy or probability.

September 21st. The Geological Section closed this morning with many remarks upon the harmony of geological with Scripture truth, — that they do not contradict each other. In the afternoon attended the general meeting, the closing affair of the Association. Sir Robert Murchison made a speech, long-winded and stereotyped, laudatory of everything, and at the same time bringing in himself and his geological labors, as he must necessarily do. The meeting broke up

with excellent feeling. In the evening went to dine with Dr. Ogston, and met some very agreeable people. After the cloth had been removed and the ladies had left us, whisky, hot water, and sugar were brought in for punch. After this, stronger wines again, the bottles being pushed around the table almost constantly. Most Scotch gentlemen take snuff, at least I should judge so from those I have met. At this dinner all took snuff freely, even during the dinner, and still more so during the drinking. After the ladies left, I was next the clergyman from the Orkney Islands, and engaged in conversation with him. He leaned towards me, approaching me closely. He had taken wine freely, and snuff even more so. The odor of his breath, contaminated with the alcohol and aroma of the wine and the elaborated snuff, was remarkably penetrating and peculiar. It made an exceedingly strong impression upon my olfactories, fairly tingling in my nose for more than twenty-four hours afterwards.

While I was receiving this tainted breath, he was pouring into my ears his predestination theory. I cannot say which I abominated most. I told him the supposition that a just, not to say a merciful, God had created a portion of the human family with the express purpose of making them eternally miserable, was so repugnant to that moral sense which God had given me, that I rejected it with horror. But he said it

was a philosophical rather than a theological conclusion, — was the result of reasoning. I told him my moral sense induced me to reject it at once, and all processes of reasoning leading to it. At the same time, true reason led me to no such conclusion. His theology seemed to me a fit accompaniment to the alcohol and nicotine, and I abhor and reject them all together. I was, however, interested in his account of the Orkney Islands, and the improvements that had taken place there in the last few years. The sitting at table lasted three hours, before we joined the ladies in the drawing-room for tea.

September 22d, '59. To-day has been spent in a visit to Queen Victoria at Balmoral. Some days ago the General Committee of the Association, including the officers, delegates from other learned societies, domestic and foreign, and scientific foreigners present, were invited to breakfast with her Majesty at her Highland castle. Being one of the "General Committee," having a seat on the platform, as well as a foreign delegate from a learned society, I was, of course, included. The first seventeen miles were by rail, the remaining thirty-three by coach. As the outside seats on the coach were much the more pleasant in case of fine weather, I concluded to run the risk, and took one. We left the station at six o'clock, and set our faces toward the Grampian hills where Norval was sup-

posed to dwell. We soon reached the terminus of the railway at Banchory Terrace, passing through a beautiful country along the valley of the river Dee. Soon after, taking the coaches and rolling on over smooth and well-made but somewhat hilly roads, we came into scenery characteristic of the Highlands. Both plains and hills were hard and barren-looking, overgrown chiefly with heath, broom, and furze, or, as the Irish call the latter, "whin," a prickly shrub. The broom is deep green and retains its color. It is used for thatching houses and ricks. On these moors were feeding flocks of black-faced, coarse-wooled native sheep. They are rather small in size, at least as compared with English sheep, and the wool is long and white. They are hardy, I presume, and the mutton is said to be sweet. Here and there were patches of wood — birch, fir, and ash, — but most of the higher hills are either rocky and bare, or covered only with heath. Grouse are abundant here, and occasionally the moor cock is seen. On the way we passed Macbeth's cairn, where it is said Macbeth was killed in 1056, and under which pile of stones his body, after the head was cut off and sent to King Malcolm, is said to have been buried. Beyond this is Loch Kinnord, with two artificial islands, built in the very olden times on piles, which are now petrified; one having a castle, and the other a prison, built by King

Malcolm Canmore. Not far from here is Ballatrich, where Lord Byron lived for a time in his youth, and near by the Hill of Morven, mentioned in one of his poems. It was interesting to think that these scenes inspired one of his finest and purest poems.

Before reaching Ballater the rain commenced pouring down, and a wetter set of philosophers on a stage-coach it would not be easy to find. It was difficult to use umbrellas, as the dripping would be upon some one else. Hats, shirt collars, and boots fared badly, and we were in a sorry plight to be presented to the Queen. Changing horses at Ballater we drove on amidst beautiful scenery, just my ideal of the Scottish Highlands. We soon saw banners waving on the hills, indicating our approach to the castle. At length we crossed the river over a beautiful bridge and reached the lodge, the park, and the castle. It is a beautiful place, the grounds and the flowers most beautiful. Found many tents pitched here and there, one very large and fine one, and several companies of Highlanders in their Highland dress. Our company for the most part repaired to the large tent, though some went into the castle. After a time the Queen, Prince Albert, and the family appeared, the band playing "God save the Queen." The Prince Consort was in Scotch Highland costume, her Majesty and the Princesses in Scotch plaids.

The members of the Association gathered around the Queen and the children. She is a plump, nice-looking little body, shorter and more dumpy than her pictures. Still she has a fine carriage, and walks like a queen. Soon the Scottish games commenced: throwing the sledge-hammer, a foot-race with bare feet, raising and carrying a huge pole, dancing singly over crossed swords, etc. Prizes, apparently of considerable value, were then distributed by the Queen. In the mean time we had our breakfast, which was taken standing, and without formality, while the band played. There were no soldiers or guards in attendance; not a musket visible anywhere. The domain consists of thirty-five thousand acres, extending for eleven miles along the Dee, with extensive hunting grounds. We left at half past five, reaching Aberdeen about one o'clock. Had a most pleasant time coming back — much conversation on various subjects with pleasant people.

Edinburgh, Monday, September 26th. Came from Aberdeen to this city to-day. The country is very beautiful nearly all the way, with evidences of the most careful cultivation. The small farms, I am told, are mostly absorbed in larger ones, farmers renting several small ones, and cultivating them all together. Scientific cultivation is applied on a large scale; the lands are thus made much more productive, and less

labor suffices. The rents rise in proportion and are especially high now, as it is the fashion for men of means to rent lands and practice farming.

The twelve days spent in this most picturesque and beautiful city were full of interest and enjoyment. He was most kindly received by the prominent medical men, and every facility was offered him in the hospitals and libraries for gaining the information he wished for.

September 27th. Went from the National Gallery this morning to call on Dr. Christison, to whom I had a letter of introduction from Dr. Wood of Philadelphia. Professor Christison is the author of a Dispensatory and various other important medical works, and has recently been appointed a member of the Council, under the new medical law of the Empire, having, in connection with Parliament, charge of medical education and registration throughout the kingdom. He is a tall, active-looking man, not so old as I had expected to find him. There are years of work in him yet. He was very cordial; said he was to leave town for several days to-morrow, but asked me to visit the Botanical Gardens with him in the morning, and invited me to dine with him on Wednesday week, when, he said, he would be back from the country and would "have in some friends."

September 28th. Breakfasted with Dr. Gairdner and his son, and went from there to the Col-

lege of Physicians. Found there the finest collection of materia medica I have ever seen. Then to the University, in the old town. The library is in a very fine large hall. The librarian was very attentive, and inclined to show me everything — books, manuscripts, the table used by Napoleon at St. Helena, etc. Next attended the funeral of Dr. Alison. It was a public one. The Town Council appeared in their scarlet robes; College of Physicians and Surgeons and other bodies were also there. Many persons came out to do honor to one who was universally respected and beloved. His brother, the historian, was present. Spent the rest of the day with Professor Simpson. Dr. S. is a short, large-headed, thick-necked, long-haired man about fifty years of age; the most characteristic and expressive feature of his face being his quick, laughing, intelligent eye. His motions are rapid, and he dashes about from one place to another, from one patient to another, and from one subject to another in a most marvelous manner. His house is a large one, and his patients were scattered about in different rooms, from twenty to thirty waiting in the waiting-rooms.

Friday, September 30th. This morning went again to breakfast with the Drs. Gairdner, and met there Sir John Bowring, the famous linguist, politician, and author, Governor of Hong-Kong, etc. There was much discussion about him in

Parliament at one time, he having ordered an attack upon some Chinese forts, to avenge an insult to a Chinese vessel, said to have been under the protection of the British flag, without consulting the home government. He is a thin, pale, light-haired old man, talking much of himself and his exploits, as he has a right to do. Met there also Dr. John Struthers, lecturer on anatomy at the College of Surgeons. He has shown me much attention to-day. Came across Dr. Blakie, the professor of Greek in the University, a queer man. He said education was all wrong in Scotland and in the University. There were no intermediate schools, as there should be. The professors of the University lived upon the wages of their own degradation; received large salaries that ought to go to intermediate teachers. Any change would be an improvement. Met also Dr. Charles Wilson, at work upon the new British Pharmacopœia, a clear-headed, sensible man, who is said to know all the languages of modern Europe, besides the classics. I had a long chat with him, and told him he should have veratrum viride in the Pharmacopœia. Suggested the sending their Pharmacopœia to us in sheets for sale. He noted down both suggestions and said he would attend to them.

Saw Mr. Syme in his amphitheatre. He is rather under medium size, with a well-developed brain and good features. He speaks in a low

voice, slowly, almost hesitatingly, and with a strong Scotch accent. He said he should meet me at Dr. Christison's on Wednesday. This evening called on Professor Pillans, professor of Latin in the University of Edinburgh, presenting a letter from the Rev. James Inglis. Professor P. is fully eighty, and shows evidence of his great age physically, but seems particularly bright mentally, as clear as ever, and his memory excellent. Had an exceedingly interesting interview with him. He has been engaged in teaching nearly half a century, and over forty years in the University. He told me that he had had 280 students under his instruction at a time, and almost never less than 200. Had exerted himself much more and succeeded much better than if he had had fewer students. That, during all this time, until very recently, he had had no assistance, except such as he had received from his pupils. He had always two classes in the University, with almost never less than 100 in each. He had managed them alone, teaching geography one day in the week, and thus interesting his classes more in his subject. He said the junior class always differed very much in their state of advancement. Some were ignorant of almost everything but Latin when they entered the University, and knew next to nothing of that. They must receive such or reject some of their best material — some that were

most anxious to learn and most capable of learning. Many were men of from twenty to thirty; some had been teachers, but felt their need of more knowledge, and came to the University for six months or more. He had always advocated receiving them, and they had been received and faithfully taught. He gave them extra hours, and put them in the way of going on and making up lost time. His large classes he had divided into sections of ten. At the beginning of the term had some exercises printed secretly; placed the men all in one room; gave them exercises of various kinds, elementary and more difficult; kept them together, but without communication. After giving them plenty of time, he took all their papers and compared them. The ten best men were made examiners of a division, watching over the division, marking absences, and correcting errors, or rather marking the more decided ones. Each pupil was to correct his own mistakes. He then gave them lectures on the subject of their exercises, explaining everything. His classes, he said, were always interested, and he generally had to caution them against studying too hard. The great difficulty here was in the grade of schools below the University. The late Parliamentary bill on education began at the wrong end; on the supposition that the University must be improved, and then the lower schools would be. They

should have begun with the lower schools: these were the foundations; improve these and the University would be improved.

Edinburgh University was in the ruts of centuries; improvements or changes of any kind were difficult. We in America were more free from such trammels; and in the West we should establish matters *de novo*, and make them right. I spoke to him about our controversy respecting preliminary education in our medical department. He said we must not be too exacting; Greek was an ornament, but not a necessity for a medical man. Am to send him a catalogue of the University of Michigan. Was most intensely gratified with my visit to this venerable man He was most genial, sensible, and appreciative. Took a cup of tea with him. We had much conversation on various subjects. He thought many of the religious differences and disputes were of about the same consequence as the dispute between the "big enders" and "small enders," as to which end of an egg one should break. The child asked the difference between "*Pussyism* and *Catechism*."

October 1st. Went this morning to the bookstore, and read up the medical journals; thence to the Botanical Gardens. Found the largest palm-house I have ever seen, with a magnificent collection of palms. Met there Professor Pillans taking his daily walk. The gate-keeper told me

I would find him in the lower part of the garden, on the left-hand side. That was his favorite walk. I accompanied him to his house, and he was replete with anecdote and thought. He said he did not like Brother Jonathan. The best specimens of humanity were not produced in America. Still, he acknowledged the superiority of Washington, Webster, Jefferson, Adams, Everett, etc. Said Americans were too fond of the "almighty dollar." I replied that the Scotch were the most money-making and grasping men among us. He did not like universal suffrage; approved of the doctrines of the "Know-nothings." I told him if he should come to America and see the influence of the suffrage on the masses of the people; how it tended to their elevation and improvement; how men were striving to educate their children, that they might aspire to any position; how all thus took a part in public affairs, and had their intellects brightened; how, in short, they all were educated by it, he would lose the dislike he had so frankly expressed. As the truth dawned upon him, disturbing long-cherished ideas, he seemed inclined to change the subject. He said he had been always a Whig, but disliked Mr. Bright intensely. He took me into his study, and showed me many pictures of his acquaintances. Among them were Sydney Smith, Lord Jeffreys, and many others whose names we know. Conversation

turned on education, and he expressed himself strongly in favor of a professorship of English language and literature in a university; said it was one of the very best chairs, and should have a man of the highest order of talent. For want of such a professorship he had done much in teaching English with the Latin. He ended by giving me a volume of his contributions to the subject of education, which I shall cherish as a pleasant memento.

Sunday, October 2d. Went this morning to St. Paul's, the Bishop's church. The Bishop is a small, shriveled old man, partially paralyzed, and gets about with a cane; but his voice, as he read a portion of the service, was clear, manly, and firm. I was told that he married, a short time ago, an elderly lady, making her his *third* wife, and becoming her *fourth* husband. This afternoon went to hear Dr. Guthrie preach. One must have a ticket or an introduction, or he cannot get in, there is such a crowd. He is a tall, rather spare man, with lank, straight, iron-gray hair, and wears a gown and bands in the pulpit. His text was, "I will pour water upon the thirsty, and floods upon the parched land." Like most preachers who are great attractions, he used many illustrations drawn from natural objects. Some passages in his prayers were very striking. Our blessings come upon us in numbers like the flakes of winter's snow, and in constancy like the

flowing river. The winter's frosts did not congeal them, nor the summer's heat dry them up. In his sermon he made great use of the sea, the desert, clouds, sands, tides, waves, rocks, etc.; the wounded soldier on the battle-field dying with thirst; the traveler in the desert; the shipwrecked mariner in his boat, hailing the gathering cloud and rejoicing in the thunder and the storm, spreading his tattered sail to catch the falling rain to quench his thirst. Famine in a besieged city, the effect of rain near the tropics, and many other striking figures were all used most skillfully to illustrate his subject.

His voice and manner were not particularly pleasing to me. The charm was in his thoughts, and the words and figures in which they were conveyed.

Monday, October 3d. Drove out to Leith this morning. . . . Returning, went to the hospital to meet Dr. Küller in the wards, and afterwards walked out two or three miles with Dr. Struthers to the Insane Asylum. In the evening took tea with Dr. and Mrs. Struthers, and met a pleasant company of their friends. Mrs. S. is an agreeable, sensible woman, the daughter of a medical man. I like her very much.

Tuesday, October 4th. This morning breakfasted with the Rev. Dr. Guthrie, at his villa, some little distance out of town. Met there a son and son-in-law of the Doctor's, a Dr. Thomp-

son, of the Navy, a sensible, well-informed man, and two or three others, clergymen and laymen, whose names I do not remember. Mrs. Guthrie and the two daughters were also present. Dr. Guthrie was the life of the party, as he necessarily would be of almost any party in which he was placed. He is full of anecdote and humor, and of intelligence on almost all subjects. He is not considered a very profound scholar, is not given to much abstract study, but he has, as Professor Blakie expresses it, "an eye in his head;" sees, hears, and remembers everything; mingles freely with many sorts of people; invites to his house many strangers, draws out their ideas to some extent, at least learns their bent, though he talks too constantly himself to give others much chance, making himself, however, very agreeable and entertaining. He inquired much about American affairs, expressed his fears of foreign influence upon us, and seemed to be a thorough "Know-nothing," as indeed I find many others are here. He seemed to fear most from the infidel, Sabbath-breaking Germans and the Roman Catholic Irish. I told him "Know-nothingism" would not succeed, and if it did we should have the poorest and most ignorant, instead of, as now, many intelligent men, coming over for the enjoyment of political privileges not found at home. He inquired about education among us, and was much interested in and sur-

prised at the system of education in our State. He repeated what I said to the company and expatiated upon it. One of the guests told a story of Dr. Whewell. Some young men posted themselves on the subject of Chinese mathematics to swamp him, but it turned out that Dr. Whewell wrote the article which they had read in the Encyclopædia. Had a pleasant morning. I am sorry to record that Dr. Guthrie takes snuff freely, and, like most other Scotchmen who do so, uses it at the table. He called his daughter to fill his box, which gave out while at breakfast.

After returning went with Dr. Struthers through the lower town, the Scottish Parliament Hall, courts, ragged schools, and up the old circular stairs and dark closes. Poverty, filth, whisky, wretchedness, a terrible amount of it. Next I climbed to the top of Arthur's Seat. . . .

In the evening dined with Dr. Duncan, and met a pleasant party, most of them old students of the Doctor's; but one, an elderly man of note, Dr. Charles Wilson, who proposed and carried the adoption of the new system of weights and measures in the forthcoming Pharmacopœia. He is exceedingly well informed, and a master of modern languages.

October 5th. Have spent part of the day at the instrument-maker's, looking up the new improvements, etc. Saw Mr. Syme operate at the hospital, and then went to the University. . . .

In the evening dined with Dr. Christison, where I met a dozen or more of his professional friends, among them Mr. Syme, Dr. Bennett, the lecturer on Materia Medica at the College of Surgeons, and another Dr. Simpson. I was gratified that such a party of men should have been brought together on my account. Had much conversation with Dr. Bennett on clinical teaching. He advocated the superiority of large clinical classes, and said he could teach a hundred, or even five hundred, better than half a dozen. Dr. Christison talked much about the comparative merits of guns, the Enfield, Armstrong, and others. He had just returned from a shooting expedition, and showed the diagram of a target in which he had hit the bull's eye. It was cheering to see so old a man so much interested in such sports. He had been that day to Glasgow professionally.

October 6th. Went to the University Museum to inquire about the mode of putting up specimens. Saw dissections of the heart by a student, Pettigrew, which are very curious, and an account of which is to be published in a volume by the Royal Society, London, illustrated with wood engravings. . . . Met Dr. Simpson there, and drove with him to Dr. Bennett's. Dr. B. was very polite, and showed me a very large number of microscopical preparations, physiological and pathological, — very fine. He is to send

me the new edition of his work on Consump tion. He makes positive assertions, is very zealous, is, in short, an impressive teacher.

In the evening dined with Dr. Gairdner, and met quite a company of professional gentlemen, Drs. Wood, Küller, Duncan, one from London, etc. Ladies were present, and there was music in the drawing-room after tea. Saw the *Cotter's Saturday Night* most beautifully illustrated with fine large engravings. After the party broke up I had a long walk and talk with Dr. Gairdner until almost twelve. I like him very much.

October 7th, '59. Left Edinburgh this morning for Melrose and Abbotsford, — a day full of interest. Everything in this region is exceedingly beautiful. At Abbotsford everything combined to make a deep impression. . . . I could not but give a sigh of regret that he who built this mansion could not have lived longer to enjoy it. May we not, however, hope he has a "mansion not made with hands," far more noble and delightful than this?

From a worldly point of view, however, in view of what we *know* rather than what we hope and believe, we can but regret the shortness of such a life as Sir Walter Scott's. He who gave so much pleasure to millions, we would think, should have lived long, to feel the reflex pleasure his works produced. But inexorable death comes alike to all. No labor can delay it beyond its

allotted time. The great effort should be to do well the work of life, and thus be ready for the great event. Left Melrose at five for Kelso, in the comfortable bed of whose principal inn I am now writing, while the town clock is striking ten. I must be up early in the morning to go on down the Tweed, through the beautiful border-land so often of old the scene of mortal strife and bloody war. The day has been one long to be remembered. . . .

At a shop in Edinburgh, one of the best, where I went to buy a traveling shawl, a canny salesman was urging a flaming plaid upon me, and among the other inducements he seriously stated that when I no longer wished to use it as a shawl it would make *two* nice *coats!* On my laughing at the ludicrousness of the idea, he most seriously assured me that many "gentlemen" made this use of them.

Newcastle-on-Tyne, October 9th, Sunday. Went to St. John's Church this morning, and was much pleased with the service and the sermon. One of the short prayers in the pulpit before the sermon I do not remember to have heard before. It is not, I think, in the Prayer Book, and was, I believe, extemporaneous, or at least original with the man. It was most appropriate. The congregation were for the most part of the middle class, substantial looking, though there were

some of a lower class, but good, sensible looking people.

The masses of the English, after all, are an excellent class of people, compared with any elsewhere found. Certainly the best European people I have seen.

Since writing the above I have been walking out to Gosforth colliery, one of the deepest and most extensive pits in the neighborhood of Newcastle. This morning a gentleman came into the coffee-room at my hotel, and addressed me, as gentlemen here often do address strangers, about the weather. After a few words of the kind, I inquired of him how I could see the collieries and colliers in the neighborhood. He immediately said that after church he would come for me and accompany me out to one. I was quite surprised at this kind offer, as he only knew that I was a stranger and an American. I then gave him my card, and found that he was the son of one of the oldest and most influential men of the city, — a prominent physician, Dr. Headlam. At the appointed hour he came, and on our way we encountered the gentleman's wife and his venerable father, taking a walk out to the old man's farm, some two or three miles out of the city. Dr. Headlam is over eighty, and as active in body and much more active in mind than his polite son. He seemed greatly interested in America and American affairs, and con-

versed with great sprightliness. We walked a mile and a half or more together, and it required a quick step and a quick tongue to keep up with him. He advocated free trade very warmly, and thought America ought to keep to agriculture exclusively. I differed with him, and told him England had not yet set an example of free trade. I had been obliged to send a trunk of goods in bond to Liverpool because I could not bring them with me on account of the duty. We went on to the coal mine, and I made an arrangement with the overseer to go down into the pit to-morrow. The work goes on down there night and day, Sundays only excepted; two sets of hands relieving each other. From the pit went to the cottages of the pitmen. They are of stone, built in rows, uniform in size and structure, and are warm and comfortable. I was quite surprised at their neatness and general air of comfort, their nice clean floors, good curtains, and very clean and comfortable looking beds and good furniture. The appearance of comfort is above the average of the peasantry of any country I have yet visited. The men get excellent wages, from four to six shillings a day, and, I believe, have the cottages and their fuel in addition. The women and children were comfortably dressed, and looked clean and healthy. I asked several boys and girls if they went to school, and the answer in

every case was in the affirmative. I am told that these people have a warm meat dinner daily, ride to town in cabs to do their shopping, and in every way live in comfort. It is sad to know that many of them spend their Sundays in drinking, and we saw several going home more or less intoxicated.

Disease is apt to be engendered by their underground employment, but the coals must be had, and they are willing to run the risk for the large wages.

October 10th. According to arrangement, went to Gosforth colliery this morning, and after putting on a jacket and cap, and getting into the basket, was lowered by steam power to the depth of 1,086 ft. through a hole not more than eight feet square. The motion was so smooth that we could not realize the descent, especially as we went with the current of air that is forced down for the ventilation of the mine. The inspector accompanied us. After getting to the bottom we were provided with candles, and later with safety lamps, and started on our journey. At first we went off in a straight line along a railway, the place being about five or six feet high and ten broad, under solid sandstone rock. After walking many hundred yards we reached a point where the tracks branched, one going up an inclined plane, — the loaded cars in coming down drawing up the empty ones. The cars

were about three and a half feet square, one horse drawing six or seven. Another passage branching off was so low that ponies had to be used. We took this, and proceeding a long distance branched off again, going through many trap-doors to regulate the air currents, and at length came to where the men were picking at the coal and shoveling it into the cars. At the extremity of this passage the air was heated and close, as currents could not well be produced. The men were at work without shirts, and in these places work only six hours a day at the pick. The men and boys who manage the horses, etc., in the better air, work twelve hours. Six hours at a time would seem quite enough for such uncomfortable, unwholesome, and withal dangerous work. The stratum of coal in this mine is generally about five feet thick, so that the men can stand nearly straight at their work, but where it is thinner they are often obliged to lie down and work in that position. The horses, I am told, are kept constantly down in the mine, after being introduced, and are said to do as well and live as long as horses above ground. Some had been below for twenty years. They were most of them in a fair condition. These facts seem to militate against some of our ideas of the importance of light, and show the power of adaptation in the animal system to circumstances. It cannot be doubted, however, that, all other

things being equal, the light would be found far better than the darkness. The horses have steady but not excessive work, regular food, and a uniform temperature, and are subjected to no sudden changes and severe exposures. They are often blind, but the inspector seemed to think this due more to frequent accidents. They often bump their heads,and have stiff leather caps on to protect them. Does not the frequent blindness arise from the absence of light?

A new set of sensations accompanied this subterranean trip, and I shall always remember my visit to this great colliery.

Left Newcastle at eleven o'clock, and found young Mr. Headlam at the station to see me off. John Bull is certainly sometimes very polite; indeed, I have found him generally quite as much so as Jonathan. What American would have shown so much attention to a perfect stranger?

Arrived at Bradford at dusk, and have been to the opening meeting of the "British Association for the Advancement of Social Science." The President, Lord Shaftesbury, delivered the address. He is comparatively a young man, and seems very zealous for the advancement and improvement of all. His address breathed a most Christian spirit.

Lord Brougham was present and made quite a lengthy speech. He was very warmly received, and replied by saying they must remember old

times, when he represented Yorkshire in Parliament and raised his voice in favor of civil and religious liberty, and was known to be a follower of Wilberforce as an enemy of the accursed slave-trade. He spoke warmly in favor of liberality and tolerance, making a distinction between tolerance and toleration. Toleration implied something bad to be tolerated, while the fact was that those who differed from us had as good a right to do so as we had to differ from them. Those who followed also dwelt upon liberality of sentiment and cordiality towards those who differed from us. Most of the speeches had a religious tone, — a sound of peace on earth and good-will towards man.

Bradford, Tuesday, October 11th, '59. The meeting this morning was addressed by Lord Brougham. There is a wide difference, he said, between proposal and execution. The speculating reformer proposes speedy measures. The execution of reforms is slow; may seem even to go backward, like the eddies on the surface of a stream. All real reforms must be slow. He referred to Russia and the liberation of the serfs; in relation to the liberty of the press, Russia is now held up as an example to France, and Protestants are protected.

In the Public Health Department there was a remarkable paper on "Florence Nightingale on Hospitals and their Construction." The speaker

referred to Miss Nightingale with much feeling. The next paper was on "Work-houses and their Improvement," a most important subject. Next, on "Employers and Employed." Diminish the hours of labor and give the entire Sunday for rest. The employer would not make a great sacrifice, as men work better when not exhausted. The great problem of social reform is to enable the workingman to save his earnings and improve his pecuniary condition. Deposits in savings banks prevent expenditure in drink. Combinations on the part of laborers cause combination on the part of the employers, who have the advantage of capital and will succeed in the end. Strikes are beneficial only to the lazy, causing suffering to the industrious. When money is saved by machinery the employers can devote it to other branches of labor, and the laborer thus gains, though not directly. . . . There have been reforms in government. The British Constitution, never despotic, grew up from less perfect to more complete liberty and beneficence. Laws are made, constitutions grow. Defects are pruned away, improvements are grafted in, as the result of actual experience and mutual concession. Other countries would be willing to exchange physical advantages for England's freedom, etc., etc.

In the Section of Education, a paper by Horace Mann, on "Facts as to the extent to which

the Principle of Competition is at present applied to Appointments in the Civil Service."

Section 3d. Punishment and Crime. The Rev. Dr. Arnot read a paper on " The Criminality of Drunkenness, and the Consequent Rights and Duties of Society in regard to the Criminals." Prohibition was the remedy proposed, first securing public sentiment in its favor. All other plans have failed. Dr. Arnot urged the criminality of drunkenness. The man is responsible. If one drinks for years and becomes permanently insane he is acquitted. Now the crime is in getting drunk, when he still retains his reason. Self-murder is another view. The man who falls in the ditch murdered himself when he drank the liquor. The law is at fault. Drunkenness should be punished by law. A discussion followed. A gentleman from Canada thought men's appetites were not to be entirely restrained. He approved of license. Others opposed his views. I made a few remarks which attracted some attention. These discussions are going on and will produce results. I have more hope of good fruits here than with us. Law is more powerful.

Met Professor Pillans to-day. He expressed his gratification in reading the catalogue of our University, and particularly the concluding part, granting to students the privilege of pursuing such studies as they choose, after certain pre-

liminary courses, and making various courses equivalent to each other. Said he should make his own use of the idea.

Went up into a Section where the subject of taxation was discussed. Lord Brougham was in the chair. Two or three papers were read strongly condemning the principle of an income tax, and also taxes upon imports, stamps, and all that sort of thing, and advocating a direct tax upon property, as with us for our state and local purposes. Some were puzzled to know how that could be done. Lord Brougham asked several questions which showed he was not familiar with our system. The general opinion was that a change should be made in the direction of direct taxation upon property. No one dissented from that principle. Lord Brougham spoke several times, not committing himself, however, to any specific views. Our mode is, I think, on the whole, as good as any. Our chief tax is direct, while the indirect national tax on foreign articles affords protection to domestic manufactures. Every person, consumer as well as capitalist, enjoys the protection of the laws. They are for the protection of persons as well as property, and persons who can do so ought to pay something as well as property, though property should pay most. Luxuries ought to pay well.

Heard next a paper, by the Rev. H. Latham,

on "The Establishment of a School of Practical Science in Cambridge."

He would have a separate department established. The present arrangements are not intended to give a scientific but a classical education. This scientific course should have special objects. He referred to the polytechnic schools of Germany. Germans are employed for managing English factories. If encouraged, the University will do her part. Next, the Rev. R. Bruce. Subject: "How can our University System be made more available for the Middle and Working Classes?" Few of the middle class, except clergymen's sons, go to the University now. It would not be well to educate every poor boy in a university, but all should be given the opportunity. He spoke of London University. But why should it monopolize these advantages? Besides, it does not give the advantages of college education or training. Oxford and Cambridge by establishing middle class examinations, have done well, — at least better than nothing. But the A. A. (Associate in Arts) will not pass in literary circles, and the higher advantages of these institutions are hopelessly given up to the higher and wealthier classes.

His remedy is to multiply the number of universities, and excite competition. He spoke of the local effect on a town of a university atmosphere. There should be government assistance at first, and private aid afterward.

Next, a paper by Thomas Dyke Acland, D. C. L., on "Middle Class Education and Middle Class Examinations." He is the author of the system. The object of all education is the same, — the development of the man for his future life, whatever that may be. He would like to annihilate the term "middle class." Education should be alike for all. He would break down these distinctions of classes. They overlap each other. Education and character should and do make classes. Those who have to do with men require a longer training in literature and mental and moral philosophy. Those in business require mathematics, science, etc. For ordinary business, business habits are most important, a knowledge of men, and sympathy with humanity. Practical colleges, agricultural, mechanical, etc., have failed. The mastery of principles is the object of education, not technical knowledge.

Went this afternoon to an immense worsted manufacturing establishment three miles out of town. The building was modern, and on the best plan, perhaps, but the light, the color of the rooms, and the ventilation were objectionable. Saw the work from the wool in the sack to the fabric in the loom. There were four thousand operatives in the building. On the grounds are a fine chapel and school. All these were most satisfactory, but the operatives were the most interesting to me. A large proportion of them are

children. Nearly all the spinning is superintended by children from eight to sixteen years old. The women do the weaving mostly. Most of the operatives looked thin, pale, and unhealthy. A few had a fresh look, but they were the exceptions. Generally they looked dull and mechanical, and where there was any marked animation it was the animation of animal rather than intellectual feeling, The girls were untidy and slovenly in their dress; their work renders this unavoidable. The younger children work only half of the time, and are in school a part of the time. Was impressed with a sad feeling by all this mechanical, inevitable, inexorable work. In the evening attended a meeting of the Mechanics' Institute. Lord Brougham presided, and speeches were made by him, by Lord Napier, the Duke of Newcastle, and others. Prizes were distributed to a number of lads and young men for proficiency in various branches, — reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, French, algebra, drawing, etc.; and also the prizes offered by Mr. John Cassell, the London publisher, for the best essays on various subjects of social science. Five hundred essays were sent in, and many are to be published. Distinguished men were judges. The meeting was large and enthusiastic.

Lord Brougham was much praised by a friend who had had to do with his election from York long ago. He was early associated with move-

ments for establishing Mechanics' Institutes. The old man does everything and knows everything. He alluded again in his speech to temperance. He seems a warm advocate of it and a convert to it.

October 13th, 1859. This morning listened to the address of R. Monckton Milnes, M. P., on "Crime and Punishments." It was a well-written paper, advocating reforms, humanity, etc. He questioned the *forcing* of laws for the prohibition of alcoholic drinks. Said it must be general, if at all. Lord Brougham and himself must not be allowed claret and sherry, while the poor man was deprived of his beer. This afternoon was spent in the Section of Public Health. A paper on "Examination of Foods, Drinks, and Medicines, by Specially appointed Analysts." There should be a district medico-legal officer appointed, and paid £250 or so. The new medical act requires such an officer to superintend registration. The imperfection of the registrations was dwelt upon by several in the discussion that followed. Dr. Farr was present and admitted their imperfection, but insisted upon their great utility. All knowledge upon which we acted was more or less uncertain.

I made some remarks on the registration of disease as well as deaths. Found a plan or blank by Dr. H. Hartshorne, of Philadelphia, in the hands of one of the gentlemen present. Dr. H.

had kept a record for the last year without any trouble by this plan, which carried out my suggestions. I urged the idea, and it took well. "Hear! Hear!" on all sides. The subject was referred to a committee, embracing Dr. Farr, Southwood Smith, and others I was much gratified with the attention the suggestions received.

The next paper was on "The Air we Breathe: ought every one to do as he likes with it?" A well-written paper, strongly putting the necessity of sanitary reform. High chimneys are a fallacy. The poison is not decomposed, but simply less concentrated and more widespread. He then went into a defense of Liverpool. Ably done. An animated discussion followed, in which it came out that at one time the mortality was 60 per cent., but was now reduced to 27 or so.

Was invited to dine with Dr. Macturk, chief physician in this town of 120,000 people. Met there Dr. Farr, connected with the Registrar-General's office of England, the Secretary of the Section, the Surgeon of the Hospital, and Dr. Macturk's daughters and niece. A pleasant and interesting dinner party. They thanked me for my speech on the registration of disease. Went later in the evening to the "Workingmen's Meeting," presided over by the mayor of the town. The audience was immense, and the meet-

ing most interesting. The first speech was by the Rt. Hon. C. B. Adderley, M. P. Not remarkable. The next was by Lord Napier, of Ireland, fluent and pleasant, in favor of the Sabbath rest. He approved, also, of moderate indulgence in light literature. Next, a young man, Lord Radstock, who, in spite of some very fair things said in a pleasant way, made himself quite ridiculous, in my estimation at least, in speaking of America. He said it was not such a Paradise as it was represented to be. Although its rich soil and cheap food gave plenty, and good wages afforded the means of acquiring comparative wealth, yet happiness was not thereby conferred. In the city of New York the taxes were twenty-five per cent. upon one's income, mud was knee deep in Broadway, and he had seen holes large enough to put a table in. When he was traveling in a Southern State, a large man came up to a small one and knocked him down, and when he was asked what it was for, he replied that it was a free country, and he could do as he liked! This was cheered, as all such nonsense and abuse usually are. He was followed by the Earl of Shaftesbury, a most excellent man, who was most warmly cheered and most reverently listened to. He is the author and chief promoter of the "Ten Hours Bill," which has made him very popular here and elsewhere among the operatives. He made a very strong temperance appeal, de-

nouncing drinking in the most decided manner, and warning the operatives against all indulgence, whatever others might say. He urged the men to give more attention to their wives and to follow their advice, and the women to stay at home and take care of their families, to make their homes comfortable and their children happy. He spoke with great warmth and effect. The Rt. Hon. W. Cowper, M. P., son-in-law of Lord Palmerston, and chairman of the Section of Health, spoke next. He apologized for the foolish remarks of Lord Radstock, spoke of the foreigners present from different countries of Europe and from the United States. He hoped the latter would not regard the remarks respecting their country that had been made "as a joke," as he characterized them; that one gentleman had given in the Section of Health some important information; that there was much in America which they might copy with advantage, etc.; making a very judicious effort to remove the impression made by Lord Radstock.

Mr. Chambers, the editor and publisher of Chambers' Magazine, of Edinburgh, followed. He said he rose from poverty and obscure toil; had for thirty years conducted a journal devoted to the interests of the working classes, and he did not think he had written a single line that he would be ashamed to show to any man. He spoke of his travels in the United States, of the

universal prevalence of newspapers, of the absence of stamp duty on paper; he said that there intelligence was not taxed as here; that he observed a spirit of independence, of self-respect, which he had not seen among laboring men elsewhere. He spoke of Lowell, the comfortable condition of the factory girls, the luxuries they enjoyed, etc. Of the intemperance of Scotchmen he spoke gloomily, and gave good advice to the men and women.

Next came Lord Brougham. He had been in Sheffield, speaking and debating all day, and was much fatigued. He reverted to his labors in their behalf, and exhorted them to habits of close attention to business and economy; never to take relaxation, never to amuse themselves in even the most innocent way, not even to give themselves up to the most refreshing relaxation or mental improvement, until, by an honest, fair, full day's work, they had earned it. He had been a workingman all his days, — had even earned his bread by the sweat of his brow; he had always made it a rule to earn, by a full-day's honest, active work, in whatever profession he was at the time engaged, his right to any mental or physical relaxation. But an empty head, vacuity of mind, was not relaxation or rest. It was often misery rather. Change of occupation, lighter work, exercising new faculties, — this constituted rest. He had always pursued this

course, and he never intended, while God continued his faculties, to have an empty head, to relapse into vacuity of mind.

I have now heard Lord Brougham speak many times, and as I was on the stage to-night had every possible opportunity of seeing him distinctly. Though he is, I think, over eighty years of age, his gait is still elastic, his voice clear and firm, his memory exceedingly retentive, and all his intellectual faculties, though perhaps less intensely active than once when he almost shook the world with his eloquence, are still, as compared with other men's, perfectly sound and bright. He was followed by two workingmen, who thought the workingman had a harder time than the noble lords and gentlemen supposed. They could lay up little or nothing for old age; they were not sufficiently paid; they spent but little, etc. Altogether the meeting was one of great interest to me.

Friday, October 15th, 1859. Heard the Rt. Hon. W. Cowper, M. P., on "Public Health." He referred to the labors of medical men and others in this department of science. Cleanliness, sewerage, ventilation, drainage, smoke from chimneys, adulteration of foods and drinks, etc., were discussed. There should be an analyst, accessible to all, to examine articles of food and drink. It is no matter about penalties, if there be authoritative exposure. Gymnastic sports should

be encouraged. There should be parks everywhere, and grounds for recreation for the people. Registration of death and sickness was important. He interposed remarks on physicians keeping records of cases of sickness. They should combine to accumulate facts. The average age should be about eighty, or even more if disease could be removed. Now it is far below. In England 100,000 are annually sacrified to ignorance. He referred to many cases where drainage had diminished mortality most remarkably in public institutions. In military institutions the mortality had been reduced to four per 1,000 per annum. Statistics touch the heart less than a single view of an actual case witnessed. Anatomy, physiology, and hygiene should constitute a part of every school education. Public men ought to take more interest in local and municipal affairs, and look after the hygienic conditions. Better spend money for hygiene than for the poor tax. Life is valuable in a pecuniary point of view. It is astonishing that there is so little legislation on sanitary subjects. Provide the simple necessaries of a healthy life. Two thirds of the soldiers who died in the Crimean war died from disease, not from wounds. Taxation, the franchise, etc., are less important than the social questions discussed here. The government of the Queen should take action. Some have raised the cry of centralization. He opposed

centralization in its proper meaning, but he approved of central supervision, interference where local action is deficient. On the courage and vigor of our men depend our national freedom and perhaps existence. Lord Brougham approved in very strong terms of what he called the most excellent address of his Rt. Hon. friend. In the Educational Section A heard an animated discussion on the subject of the public schools; whether they should receive support from the government. Opinion generally in its favor, though there were differences as to details. I inferred that the government schools were generally in a low state; that many children did not attend; that they were intended for the poor, but the middle classes composed some twenty or twenty-five per cent. in them; that teachers were often treated with little respect; that in some cases the teacher was above his work of instructing the ignorant poor, — from his superior education preferred to instruct higher classes, and gave his chief attention to such; that the most earnest and enlightened wished the different classes to mingle in the same school, more upon the plan of American common schools; and thought the governmental support should be combined with individual and local effort and contributions. The discussion was very animated, and, on the whole, indicated a state of things on the subject half a century behind our country,

or what a National Association would have said on the same subject. In Section B heard a paper on the education of teachers. Learned from it that there was but one institution in the country that attempted anything of the kind; that this was in London, and was not a large affair, or much developed. The writer, who was the principal of this school, was in doubt whether much could be done to educate teachers generally for their profession, though he acknowledged its importance. The paper was not hopeful. I spoke on the subject quite at length, and from the interest excited and the questions asked went on to give a general view of our educational system, especially in my own State, the primary, union, normal, and other schools. I was glad of the opportunity, and was thanked by the chairman, Edwin Chadwick, C. B. In the Department of Public Health two papers were read on ventilation, — one on the American plan of ventilating large buildings. In the discussion that followed, it appeared that, at the great mills at Saltair, the American plan had been partially adopted with good results. I made some remarks on the subject, calling attention as forcibly as I could to the universal defects in the ventilation of European hospitals. I mentioned Hanwell, and expressed myself astonished at its mode of heating. I did not intend to mention the name, but was urged and did. The chairman, Mr.

Cowper, said he had been astonished at the ventilation of the hospitals of London. Windows had to be opened, letting in cold air upon the patients.

In the evening attended the soirée at St. George's Hall, when the prizes of the Oxford examinations were presented by Lord Napier. Prizes for English language and literature were given, as well as for mathematics, history, languages, etc. Two speeches were made on the subject of these examinations, showing that they had done much to test the quality and improve the character of the higher schools throughout the country. It was found at first that very great deficiencies existed in a knowledge of the elementary subjects, — spelling, English grammar, etc. Many were rejected at first on these subjects, before coming to the higher, but there was great improvement now. All boys under eighteen are eligible who have not matriculated at either of the universities. The meeting was enlivened by music from a choir, said to be the finest of its kind in England. The women were mostly operatives in the mills, though some were milliners and seamstresses. The men were of a similar class. They sang very well.

I went also to a meeting in the Court House on temperance legislation. Discussions were going on, with the same arguments and in the same tone as with us twenty-five or thirty years ago.

October 15*th*, 1859. Heard a most excellent address by Sir James Kay Shuttleworth on "Social Economy." The meeting closed with speeches by Lord Brougham, Mr. Cowper, Professor Pillans, and others, a vote of thanks, etc., etc.

The foregoing is an exceedingly imperfect account of the proceedings of this Association, composed of a large body of active workingmen, and embracing some of the most able and distinguished persons in this or any other nation.

Dined with Dr. Macturk again, and met Dr. Holland, of London, the Misses Twining, of London, a clerical gentleman, and others. Various questions connected with the institutions of my own country were discussed. They had no charity for slavery, but were less awake to some of the evils of their own social system. Dr. Holland spoke, however, very severely of the British plan of enlisting young men in the army, and flogging them for deserting. He said they enlisted them when they were drunk, making them so for the purpose. I spoke of the heavy taxes upon the people to pay enormous pensions to persons who had rendered no material service to the state, etc. That many of our people thought these things exceedingly wrong, but we should not advise a revolution on that account, and the destruction of British institutions. So were we not willing to destroy our

government and constitution, and produce civil war and anarchy, for the purpose of removing from our constitution a clause respecting the return of a fugitive from labor, which was practically already almost a dead letter. I told them slavery was imposed upon us by the British government, and existed about half a century ago all over our land, but now in less than half of it, while their abuses had continued for centuries, and I feared many of them would for centuries to come, though I hoped they would not set an example of a working class bound down by necessity to a particular position of dependence and degradation, from which it was as difficult to escape as from slavery itself.

Sunday, October 16th. Went to church this morning. The responses by the choir were in better taste, according to my ideas, than almost any I have before listened to. I enjoyed the service very much. Wrote much of the day, remaining within doors.

York, Tuesday, October 18th. Arose early and took a walk about the town. It is an ancient walled city of some 45,000 inhabitants, and the capital of Yorkshire. I have spent three hours and more in looking at the magnificent Minster, a most noble and imposing structure. I was deeply impressed with it. The Chapter House is one of the most beautiful I have seen. They are just now putting up a magnificent

organ, and I was greatly annoyed by its being placed so as to obstruct the continuous view of the choir and nave. My guide said York Cathedral had been compared to "*H*adam," while Lincoln was likened to "*H*eve." Lincoln was beautiful, while York impressed one with "*h*awe."

After visiting Lincoln Cathedral, he came back by way of Peterborough and Boston to his old quarters in London, where a few busy days were spent in saying goodby to medical friends, buying books for himself, collecting documents and models for the University, and in a last visit to the Abbey and St. Paul's.

Oxford, Tuesday, October 25th, 1859. Arrived at this ancient seat of learning this morning, and have been very busy all day. First took a stroll over the town, to get an impression of its general features and character. The country about it is rich, but rather low. There is nothing to make the place anything more than a hamlet, except the University. It is strictly a university town, nothing more. Aside from the university buildings, there is very little of architectural interest. The nineteen different colleges connected with the University are scattered about in different parts of the town. Most of the buildings are large and fine and picturesque, and were well built, but in a bad material. The surface has crumbled off, and gives them a dilapidated appearance. In this respect they are a great contrast to the Dublin and Edinburgh

Universities. Portions of the old city wall are standing, high and thick, with loopholes, etc., showing that the fortifications were once strong. There are many fine old elms and chestnuts, beautiful lawns and shady walks. I was shown a large field belonging to one of the colleges — Christ Church, I believe — which is rented for meadow and grazing at £5 per annum the acre. The man who rents it furnishes milk, butter, and eggs to the college to pay the rent. Saw several breweries, and was told that nearly all the colleges brewed their own beer.

All the teaching is done in colleges; each has its own corps of instructors, and its own separate endowment. The University is a distinct entity, with its own organization, making the examinations and conferring the degrees.

Found Dr. Acland at the new museum, now in process of construction and approaching completion. All the illustrations of natural science now scattered about in various buildings are to be collected here. The chemical lectures are given here now, and there is also a laboratory for practical teaching. It is not so large as ours, nor, I think, so nice. The Prince of Wales is in attendance here, and was at one of the lectures when I was there. Mr. Brodie, the eldest son of Sir Benjamin Brodie, is the Professor of Chemistry. He does not seem to me to be a remarkable man. I inferred from his conversation

with Dr. Acland that he was a Cobden man. He inquired about women being employed as teachers in America. This fact seems to have excited a great deal of interest in England. Mr. Cobden was much struck with it, and talks a good deal about our schools. Mr. Brodie will be the heir to a very large fortune, but is fond of science and is devoting himself to it.

Went to see Christ Church Physiological Museum, gotten up by Dr. Acland, chiefly within the last ten or twelve years, before he had the Chair of Physic. It is an exceedingly fine collection, not very large, but well arranged to illustrate comparative anatomy and physiology. Had much conversation with Dr. Acland on various educational subjects, particularly about the "middle class" examinations, a full history of which he gave me; also about the preliminary requirements for medical students. The minimum for medical students' preliminary examination is the Oxford and Cambridge junior examination, which is quite low. It seems that Dr. Acland's father and brother were both members of Parliament, some years ago, from agricultural regions in the West of England. The son went with Sir Robert Peel for the repeal of the corn laws. This lost him his position. He then turned his attention to the education of the people, believing that was the thing needed to make them good farmers. He established prizes in his

county, and got Dr. Acland and others to act as examiners for the prizes. They asked to be sent out with authority from the University, which request was granted. Cambridge followed suit. There is great rivalry between the two universities. What one does the other will do. Dr. Acland asked me many questions about medicine, education, and other things in America. We took to each other much. Took tea with him, and he invited me to breakfast the next morning, but could not accept, as I am to leave early. Had a good time. In the evening went to hear Charles Dickens read from "Dombey and Son" and "Martin Chuzzlewit" to an audience in Oxford. I was very desirous of seeing one who has given me so much amusement in reading his works. There is nothing very striking in his appearance, and he does not read very wonderfully, but tolerably well. He changes his voice and manner to suit the characters. His voice was rather husky and hoarse, or rather had that peculiar sound which I have heard in men who *drink*. My opinion is that Dickens does drink, and that his zenith is passed; his sun is declining, and will go down, I fear, in gloom. He had a bottle containing a colored fluid on his desk, and drank frequently while reading. His countenance and expression seem to me to indicate steady alcoholic poisoning. He has always written a great deal about drinking; sent

the Pickwick party drunk to bed every night, and wrote much about brandy-and-water while in America. He is not as good a man, I judge from seeing him, as his writings would indicate. The lower feelings have too much sway. He does not stand well with the best class of people here. There were few persons of distinction in his audience, I should think. He must have had much observation of low life, experience in it and relish for it. He read some of the broadest passages from "Martin Chuzzlewit." Have had a most interesting and exciting day.

Warwick, October 26th, 1859. Left Oxford this morning and came through a fine country to this place, and immediately left for Stratford-on-Avon. . . . I was impressed and moved by all I saw, but shall attempt no description of the place, or of my impressions and emotions. I have made the pilgrimage, and bowed at the shrine of the highest genius known among men. The little village is a quiet spot and beautiful, and one which the poet of nature loved. Washington Irving is continually referred to as giving in the "Sketch Book" the best description of everything here. I must read it again.

The next day was spent at Warwick Castle and Kenilworth, and was greatly enjoyed. In speaking of the pictures by Rubens, Van Dyck, and others at Warwick, he says of a portrait of Henry VIII. : —

The latter hangs in the ladies' boudoir. One

often sees his pictures in ladies' rooms. I cannot admire their taste, for a more animal, brutish face was never put upon man's shoulders.

Left for Birmingham, and was detained for some hours at Coventry, where, as did Tupper, I stood upon the bridge across the railway, and looked at the three fine spires of the town. I was left at Coventry, though not exactly sent there. I asked several persons the origin of the expression, "sent to Coventry," and at length was told that at one time the citizens of the town would not speak to the soldiers, and hence, when one was cut, he was said to be sent to Coventry.

Liverpool, October 29th. Spent nearly the whole morning in getting a trunk out of the custom house, which had been sent on from Paris to Liverpool and consigned to Loring & Co. in bond. They sent a clerk with me to work it through. The process embraced operations in more than a dozen offices. In the custom house the men exerted themselves and studied how to do it, but the system evidently is constructed on the plan of "how not to do it." Very little other business was done while I was there, and some twenty men were apparently engaged for four mortal hours in getting my poor little trunk out of the Queen's warehouse. They said it was easy enough getting things in there, but "divilish" hard getting them out, with which sentiment I most heartily agreed.

The cart-follower, a "gintilmon from Oireland," asked me at the conclusion to leave him my blessing in the shape of the price of a drink of rum, as the day was so wet. I gave him a short lecture on Father Mathewism and declined the honor.

Steamship Asia, October 29th, '59. On board ship, bound for home. Although in a domestic sense I have no home, yet I have home feelings, not very definite as to locality, but intense as regards my country.

While I am not blind to the faults of my country, I yet believe it to be the one most pregnant with hope to mankind, and one which has the most perfect, or at least the most true and just, system of government in existence, — the right system, based upon the will of the people, a government made for the people and by the people, not by a few or for a few, — a system where all are equal in a political sense, and where no exclusive privileges belong to any class. This certainly is the best theory of government, and that which must ultimately prevail. Besides this, my country is one of the future, — is, I hope, destined for great events, great in the sense of the great intelligence, virtue, and happiness of the people.

Coming home in November, 1859, or rather coming back to this country, for, as he touchingly says on the last page of his journal, he had no real home to come to, he resumed his work in the University with fresh spirit, and a consciousness of being better prepared for it than ever before.

It was about this time that he brought two of his nephews to Ann Arbor, and educated them as if they were his own sons. They both studied medicine, and were graduated from the Medical Department of the University. The one to whom he was most warmly attached, and who gave promise of a successful and even brilliant future, died suddenly soon after he had entered upon the practice of his profession. His love and devotion to his uncle had been very great, and indeed both the young men were very fond of him. These were not the only ones to whom he gave a helping hand, and who will always remember him gratefully for his generous aid to them in their early struggles for an education.

In September, 1860, the death of Professor Denton left vacant the Chair of Practice, and Dr. Palmer was transferred to it, and became Professor of Pathology and the Practice of Medicine. There was no time before the opening of the term to fill the chair he had left, and he was accordingly requested to continue his old lectures on Materia Medica while giving the new

course. Work was something he never shrank from, and, with his usual willingness to do any amount of it rather than see the students' interests suffer, he gave during that college year one hundred and ninety-three lectures, instead of the usual number of one hundred, without asking or receiving any pecuniary remuneration for the extra work. When one considers that he was obliged to prepare and deliver an entirely new course of lectures on Pathology and Practice, one can easily see how much of an effort was required.

At various times he endeavored to supply deficiencies in the courses of study, giving a series of lectures on Diseases of the Mind and Nervous System, another on Botany, and another on Medical Ethics; often in this way occupying leisure hours during the short winter vacations, when many of the students, whose homes were at a distance, remained in town. He was always the first one to be called upon to fill vacant hours, when any of his confrères were ill. This he did very cheerfully and gladly, for he felt that his own hours were insufficient to give his course of lectures with the completeness and thoroughness he desired. He gradually relinquished general practice, and confined himself to consultation and office practice, hoping thus to secure more time for study. But as his advice and opinion came to be more and more sought, he

was so frequently summoned to a distance in consultation, or was kept so busy in his office at home, that quiet hours for study could seldom be secured except in the late evening. Nothing, however, was ever allowed to interfere with his college duties, which were always first with him.

He was a diligent reader of the best medical literature, and kept himself *au courant* with the latest views and discoveries. Nothing seemed so absorbing as the last number of a medical journal. While enjoying thoroughly all that was best in general literature, he still felt that he could indulge himself in it only when he had earned the rest and refreshment by hard study and reading in his own line of investigation; but he liked to have some of his especial favorites always within reach of his hand to fill up moments of leisure. Among these were Shakespeare, Hood, Charles Lamb, Dana's "Household Book of Poetry," Knight's "Half Hours with the Best Authors," and Caroline Fox's charming "Memories of Old Friends." Among authors that required more thoughtful reading he was especially interested in Huxley, Darwin, Spencer, and Mill, reserving his own opinion, however, as to their infallibility.

The next event of importance in his life was his service in the army of the Union. When the news came of the firing upon Fort Sumter he immediately telegraphed to Governor Blair,

offering his services. They were at once accepted, and on April 25, 1861, he was commissioned Surgeon of the Second Regiment Michigan Volunteers, and on the 16th of the following July was appointed Brigade Surgeon of the Fourth Brigade by General Richardson. Dr. H. F. Lyster, the son of his old friend of earlier days, the Rev. William Lyster, and the Assistant Surgeon of his regiment, has kindly furnished the following sketch of his army life:

"Dr. Palmer responded to the earliest call for troops in the War of the Rebellion in 1861. He was commissioned Surgeon of the Second Regiment Michigan Volunteers by Governor Austin Blair. The commission was dated April 25, 1861.

"He was at that time forty-five years of age, was residing at Ann Arbor, and was Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine in the Department of Medicine and Surgery in the University of Michigan.

"He was in the zenith of his mental and physical strength, and was ready to prove the truth of his convictions by taking an active part in the struggle for the preservation of the Union which he had so long foreseen and prophesied. Dr. Palmer had always been an ardent Whig, and was in favor of the early abolition of African slavery in this country. He was in favor of bringing this about peacefully if possible, but forcibly if necessary.

" He loved his country, not only with the simple affection of a peasant who regards with much love the hills and valleys and lakes and woods of the district where he was born and reared, but he valued the opportunities it afforded to each individual to enjoy the right of self-government, and to acquire a liberal education and a competency, untrammeled by the laws and customs of the Old World.

" He loved his fellow-men, and he regarded it as a personal affront whenever or wherever any one in the whole land was illegally hindered in the attainment of the fullness of his rights as an American citizen. It was the same to him whether it occurred in Illinois or in Mississippi.

" When the repeal of the Missouri Compromise took place, he was indignant; when the Kansas Free Soilers were assassinated by the border ruffians from Missouri, he was outraged. When the first shot was fired by Beauregard at Fort Sumter, he volunteered his services as a soldier for the war. He carried into action the courage of his convictions. His first services were rendered at Detroit in April and May, 1861, in examining the rank and file of the Second Regiment Michigan Volunteers, at cantonment Blair, on Woodward Avenue, where are now the grounds of the Athletic Club. This regiment moved down to Fort Wayne on or about the 15th of May, 1861, when the First Regi-

ment Michigan Volunteers left for the war. It was at this post that Dr. Palmer was mustered into the United States service for three years or for the war, on May 25, 1861, in company with the field and staff of the regiment. There stood up at this muster together Israel B. Richardson, Colonel; Harry L. Chipman, Lieutenant-colonel; Adolphus W. Williams, Major; Alonzo B. Palmer, Surgeon; Henry F. Lyster, Assistant Surgeon; William F. Lyster, Adjutant. The regiment left the State for Washington June 6th, via Cleveland, Pittsburg, Harrisburg, and Baltimore, arriving in Washington June 10th. Surgeon Palmer was on duty in the field at Camp Winfield Scott,[1] Washington Heights, near the chain bridge. He marched with the column which left for the first campaign July 16, 1861. Colonel Richardson, by rank, took command of the brigade, being appointed by the general commanding.

[1] [Copy of Commission.]

BRIGADE ORDERS, No. 7.

Headquarters Fourth Brigade, Camp Winfield Scott, *July* 16, 1861.

Surgeon Palmer, Second Regiment Michigan Infantry, is hereby appointed Brigade Surgeon of this Brigade, and will arrange with the surgeons of the other regiments as to the necessary supplies of medicines and surgical implements to be taken along by each, and also the number of sick men left behind as a guard to the different camps, of which number he will hand in a field report at 2 P. M. to-day.

By order of COLONEL RICHARDSON,

Commanding Brigade.

C. W. BRIGHTLEY, A. A. G.

"This brigade consisted of the Second Michigan Volunteers, Third Michigan Volunteers, the First Regiment Rhode Island Volunteers, and the Twelfth New York Volunteers, — over four thousand strong. Colonel Richardson requested Dr. Palmer to act as senior surgeon of the brigade.

"The battle of Blackburn's Ford was opened by Ayres' battery shelling the woods across Bull Run. The Second Regiment supported this battery, and later moved off to the right as a reserve for the First Massachusetts and Twelfth New York Volunteers, who had gone forward, deployed as skirmishers, together with Captain Brettschneider's two companies of skirmishers, selected from the regiments of the brigade.

"Surgeon Palmer used as a field hospital a log-house in the vicinity of Ayres' battery, and received the wounded brought back from the skirmish line. There were nineteen killed, thirty-eight wounded, and twenty-six missing in this fight. Many of the wounded were brought to this field hospital, the FIRST one in the army afterwards known as the Army of the Potomac.

"A cannon-ball, fired by the Washington New Orleans Light Artillery, tore away a log from the building, and the wounded were then moved back to Centreville.[1]

[1] In connection with this incident, Dr. Palmer used to tell the story of the burly Irishman whose shattered leg he was preparing to amputate as the cannon-ball came crashing through the room, and who sprang up and hobbled off on his other leg.

Surgeon Palmer went back after this engagement to Washington, to get hospital supplies in anticipation of the battle of Bull Run. He rode to Fairfax Station, and then took a train, and returned with several ambulances loaded with supplies, but met the army in disorderly retreat.

"He remained with the regiment until the last of August, when he accompanied the Assistant Surgeon to a general hospital at Georgetown, on account of the latter having a severe attack of typhoid fever.

"The many personal kindnesses and the warm sympathy of the man endeared him to those who came in contact with him, or under his professional care. He resigned September 23, 1861, to resume his duties at the University of Michigan, active military affairs having ceased for a reorganization of the Army of the Potomac.

"Governor Blair relied upon Dr. Palmer for his advice and opinion regarding the appointment of medical men to the important offices of the medical staff and the several regiments of all arms, and always found it reliable. Surgeon Palmer visited the army again at Harrison's Landing, Va., on the James River, in July, 1862. This was his final field service, though he remained an interested friend during the whole war, aiding the Governor in matters pertaining to the medical staff of the Michigan regiments."

In 1863 Dr. Palmer accepted the professorship of Theory and Practice in the Berkshire Medical College at Pittsfield, Mass., and also gave the course on Materia Medica that year. This school had a summer and autumn term, which of course did not conflict with his duties in the University. The Hon. Henry H. Childs, M. D., was the venerable President of the College, and among its professors at the time were Horatio N. Storer, of Boston; Pliny Earle, of Northampton; C. L. Ford, of Michigan University; Dr. Chadbourne, of Williams College; and William Warren Greene, of Pittsfield. Alonzo Clark, of New York, had also been one of its most famous teachers.

Pittsfield is one of the most charming old towns amid the Berkshire hills, noted for their lovely scenery. It lies in a green and park like valley, over a thousand feet above the sea, dotted with groups of graceful elms. Through this winds with many curves the clear and sparkling Housatonic, fed by many tributaries of mountain brooks, that come hurrying down from their springs among the hills, —

> "The stream whose silver-braided rills
> Fling their unclasping bracelets from the hills,
> Till in one gleam, beneath the forest's wings,
> Melts the white glitter of a hundred springs."

This valley is encircled by the Taconic Mountains on the west and the Hoosacs on the east,

while to the north tower the twin peaks of Greylock, the giant clasp to this girdle of hills. The streets of Pittsfield are broad, and shaded with noble old elms and maples. The houses stand amid well-kept lawns, some of them spacious old mansions of the earlier days, with many elegant modern dwellings. Several beautiful lakes add to the charm of this "happy valley." Oliver Wendell Holmes, from whom the above lines are quoted, used to spend nearly half the year here, in his cottage on the old Wendell estate, whose majestic forest trees gratified his well-known fondness for old trees. At one time Longfellow, Hawthorne, Bryant, Herman Melville, Miss Catherine Sedgwick, and Fanny Kemble lived or had summer homes within a radius of a few miles in the county, and the breakfast parties that brought together some of these literary celebrities were worthy to be chronicled by a Crabb Robinson or a Rogers. If these more brilliant times had passed away, Pittsfield could still boast of an agreeable and cultivated society among its rather exclusive families.

The weeks spent in the pure and bracing air of this hill country, in the loveliest season of the year, were restful and enjoyable, and were looked forward to with pleasure. The two summer vacations that preceded Dr. Palmer's coming to the Berkshire school had been spent in the hot

climate of Virginia, amid all the discomforts and privations of army life, and this was indeed "a well-earned repose." The opening of the Medical College and the advent of a group of agreeable professors from abroad made an excuse each summer for a round of little festivities, — evening companies, tea-parties, mountain climbings, rowing parties on the lakes, and other open-air entertainments.

In May, 1867, he married Love M., the only child of Dr. Oliver S. Root, of Pittsfield. Henceforth he had a home. In the following autumn he resigned his position in the Berkshire Medical College. This school was founded in 1822, and for many years was prosperous. At that time hospital teaching was almost unknown, and it was not until 1844 that medical and surgical cliniques were established even in New York. The country schools could then more successfully vie in attractions with the city schools, many of the ablest teachers from New York and Boston being glad to spend their vacations in lecturing in the country schools, while the summer term was an advantage for the many poor students who were obliged to teach during the winter. But the Berkshire school, like some other New England Medical colleges, was too near Boston and New York to be able any longer to hold its own against their superior hospital and clinical advantages. It was accordingly dis-

continued after the death of its well-known president, Dr. Childs, in 1868.

So the pleasant summers in Berkshire came to an end, not without regret. The vacation of 1868 was spent in traveling in the East, and in 1869 Dr. Palmer was appointed to the Chair of Practice in the Medical School of Maine, connected with Bowdoin College, Brunswick. A congenial corps of teachers and an intelligent and enthusiastic class of students made the position an agreeable one. Dr. Greene, his former colleague in Berkshire, and then living in Portland, was one of the professors here, and among the others were Drs. Lincoln, Mitchell, and Brackett, of Brunswick, and Dr. Gerrish, of Portland. The medical department of the University of Michigan at that time had a six months' term which closed in March, and as Dr. Palmer's presence in Brunswick was required only from early in April to June, it was possible for him to give the full course in both schools. While at Bowdoin he lectured twice a day, besides having weekly cliniques.

Some warm friendships were formed during the ten years that he retained his Bowdoin professorship. The genuineness and sincerity of his character were apparent to all who came to know him, and the kindly expression of his face and the unaffected cordiality of his manner could not fail to win friends. Indeed, Brunswick

seemed almost a second home. And where else than in such a typical New England college town can be found such a delightful combination of cordial hospitality with great simplicity of living, and the truest and best cultivation with an indifference to mere money, that is truly refreshing in these days of intense struggle for its possession? Among those whose friendship and kind attentions were most highly prized was Dr. Alpheus Packard, a professor at Bowdoin and a gentleman of the old school, of the gentlest and truest courtesy. It was to him, the sole survivor of the old corps of teachers, that Longfellow addressed those beautiful words of his "Morituri Salutamus," on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of his class: —

> "They are no longer here; they all are gone
> Into the land of shadows, — all save one.
> Honor and reverence, and the good repute
> That follows faithful service as its fruit,
> Be unto him whom living we salute."

The drives about Brunswick are delightful, and were a pleasant feature of the spring sojourn there. Long, narrow fingers of land, many of them wooded to their very tips, stretch down to the sea on this irregular coast of Maine. Along these one can drive for miles through the woods, and hear the sound of water on either hand, the fragrance of the pines and the sea making a delicious atmosphere. These pine woods of

Maine are fairly carpeted in May with the trailing arbutus, the loveliest of the wild-flowers of New England.

At the close of Dr. Palmer's lectures at Bowdoin one summer, a trip was made to Mount Desert, — by rail to Bangor, and thence fifty miles in an open carriage through a pleasant country to the island. It was the middle of June, before the advent of the crowds, and the ten days at Bar Harbor were delightful. There had been an alarming epidemic of typhoid fever the preceding season, and the Doctor was interested in investigating its origin. The hotel and boarding-house keepers, learning of his presence, urged him to give them a lecture on sanitary matters. So one evening the bell of the little church was rung, and a crowd of the natives gathered to hear a plain but most instructive talk about the importance of sanitary precautions, proper sewerage, and other kindred topics. They all said it was something they should never forget. This little incident may show something of his earnest desire to benefit and help humanity everywhere. The prevention of disease was with him a constant study, quite as worthy, in his opinion, of the highest aims of the profession as the alleviation of suffering.

Two letters, written immediately after his return from Maine one summer, may give some idea of the affectionate regard in which his students held him: —

ANN ARBOR, *June* 7, 1878.

MY DEAR L.: . . . I left Buffalo yesterday a little after noon, and arrived here on the midnight train last night. I telegraphed to Mrs. R., from Buffalo, that I expected to come on that train. As I was approaching home I happened to think it possible some desperately "hard up" *communist* or *greenbacker* (the horror of Professor Smith) might have heard I was coming, and, hoping to find a few greenbacks about me, at that late hour of the night might spring upon me from some hiding place on the way up the lonely and deserted streets, and deprive a little woman now in Maine of a husband who, though not a very good one, might still be considered better than none.

With these thoughts actually in my mind, as I stepped out of the car in the dark, some little distance from the station, a man seized me by the arm and said, in a voice not so unkindly, "Come this way; the *boys* are down here to meet you." As I was hurried along to the door, they were drawn up in double line all through the station and across to the opposite platform, and in a burst, led I think by young Hall, sang, forcibly and well, "Home, Sweet Home." The lines changed, and a procession followed me and the committee to an open carriage, drawn by four horses. The carriage moved on slowly, the boys in the procession singing songs of welcome of different kinds, with extemporized lines like, "Don't go to Maine again," etc. On arriving at the office, which was illuminated, Dr. North being in possession, a double line was again formed, uncovered, and after a few broken words from me in acknowledgment of the compliment, they sang a college "good night" and dispersed. They wished me to understand, as the committee repeated, that "all of

them were there," "no member of the class absent." The only drawback was that the "medical girls" were absent. I expect to meet *them* this afternoon. M. and the children, dear little things, were up to receive me, with a fire on the hearth in the parlor. The kittens were the only creatures asleep about the house, and I am not sure but they were awakened by the hubbub.

June 8, 1878.

. . . I had another surprise yesterday. The evening lecture, as it is usually illustrated by the stereopticon, is given to the men and women together, and the arrangement for that time was not changed, but they knew I was to lecture. As I went into the room my desk, and in fact the whole of the large table, was covered with flowers, tastefully arranged. A beautiful bouquet of pansies I brought away when the lecture was over. This silent expression of welcome touched me very much, as it came so suddenly upon me, amid the prolonged and hearty cheers of the class.

But I have said quite enough about these things. I thought you might be interested to hear of this expression, so characteristic of your sex. . . .

Another incident, that had occurred a year or two before, shows his influence over the students. It was at the time of one of the medical commencements, in March. Owing to a dissension among the Regents of the University on a certain question, and the withdrawal of some of the members of the Board from the meeting at which it was customary to formally grant diplo-

mas to the students recommended by the Faculty for graduation, there was no quorum, and consequently the vote upon the granting of diplomas could not be taken. There would be no other meeting of the Regents for several weeks. The Commencement exercises were to take place the following morning, with an address by some gentleman from abroad.

On that morning the students gathered on the campus, held an indignation meeting, and resolved not to go through the farce of listening to an address to them as graduates while their diplomas were withheld. The excitement was increasing every moment, and appeals from various quarters had had no effect. At this point a message was sent from the President, requesting Dr. Palmer to come up to the college immediately. He ordered his horse saddled, and in a moment was galloping off to the scene of action. Riding well and fearlessly was one of his accomplishments, and as he dashed into the campus on his spirited horse hearty cheers went up from the students, and willing hands took the bridle, while he dismounted and made a speech from the college steps, sympathizing with them in their just annoyance, but representing the discourtesy of refusing to listen to a gentleman who had been invited to address them, and who was innocent of any blame in the matter. A few words were sufficient to calm them, and with renewed

cheers they formed into line and marched to the hall.

The medical course in the University had now been extended to nine months, and Dr. Palmer could no longer retain his professorship at Bowdoin and Michigan too, although by giving two lectures a day instead of one, and filling vacant hours, he had managed this year to give the full number of lectures at both places. This extension of the term of study had been earnestly advocated by him for a long time, and was most gratifying to him, although it involved a personal and pecuniary sacrifice. Once more, in the spring of 1879, he lectured at Bowdoin College, and then sent in his resignation, which was accepted with regret.

The following tribute from Professor Mitchell shows the esteem in which he was held by his colleagues at Brunswick: —

"Professor Palmer filled the Chair of Pathology and Practice in the Medical School of Maine from 1869 to 1879. During this ten years of occupancy, both his didactic and clinical work was most faithfully and efficiently performed.

"He brought not only a wide knowledge of authorities, but from his own extended and varied experience added much in the way of practical suggestion and instruction.

"His long service had in no degree lessened his enthusiastic love of teaching. He was committed to no routine or inelastic course of instruction or practice,

but sought always to gain all that was of value from new lines of investigation.

"His high character commanded the universal respect of those he taught. His unvarying courtesy towards his colleagues, especially shown in his readiness always and in sudden emergencies to occupy what from unpreventable causes would have been unfilled hours, was most gratefully appreciated.

"Our school, in its remoteness from our great medical centres, was peculiarly fortunate in securing and holding for a time the services of one whose name and authority were so widely known and recognized, and who had so long and ably filled a similar chair in one of our largest and best universities.

"We were all shocked and saddened when the painful intelligence reached us that one so well equipped for longer service, so honored among men, and so beloved by those nearest to him, had been suddenly cut down.

"ALFRED MITCHELL, M. D.,
Sec. of Faculty Med. Sch. of Maine."

It had long been his purpose to write a work on medicine. Letters were coming frequently from his old pupils, urging him to do so, and not to put it off too long. He had been gradually preparing for it, but it was extremely difficult to find leisure for so formidable an undertaking in the midst of his busy, every-day life. At length a year's leave of absence was granted him by the Regents, accompanied with some kind expressions of appreciation of his unremitting labors in the University and devotion to its

interests; and after the June Commencement of 1879 he sailed for Europe. The vacation had truly been well earned, but it was to consist in a change of work, rather than a cessation from it. The writing of his book was at once begun. His paper and pencil were always at hand, and on shipboard and in railway coaches the moments were made the most of.

The first four months were spent chiefly in London, Edinburgh, and Paris, in visiting hospitals and medical schools; though many delightful excursions were made to various parts of Scotland, to the cathedral towns of England, and to the English lakes. Many pleasant acquaintances of twenty years before were renewed, while he made himself familiar with the opinions and researches of the most eminent men of the profession.

Dr. (afterwards Sir Henry) Acland, of Oxford, Sir James Paget and Dr. Richardson, of London, Dr. Brown-Séquard, of Paris, and later Dr. Pantaleoni, of Rome, were most cordial and kind. Indeed, every facility was offered him for his investigations.

It was not all work, however. There were pleasant dinner parties with the doctors, evenings at the opera with Patti and Gerster, a charming little breakfast in the quaint old house of a famous Oxford professor, where the breakfast-room opened into a garden filled with roses and shut

in with a stone wall overgrown with ivy; and, moreover, sight-seeing with a companion whose fresh enthusiasm at a first sight of foreign lands added much to his own enjoyment.

In October, while in Paris, a message came from home, most unexpectedly summoning him to return to his work in the University. This was a very great disappointment. He had looked forward to a pleasant and profitable year abroad, with leisure for writing and study; but he never hesitated. The students needed him and he would go. The gentleman who was to have filled his chair during his absence had declined to fulfill his engagement at the very last moment, on account of some slight misunderstanding with the Faculty. It was impossible to find any one to take his place on such short notice, and Dr. Palmer was therefore sent for, being allowed, however, to delay his return until the last of December. The plan had been to spend the winter in Italy, but now only two months could be given to a hurried visit to Turin, Milan, Venice, Florence, Rome, Naples, and Sorrento. Returning by way of Pisa, Genoa, and the Rivièra, he lingered for a few days of rest in the warm sunshine of Nice and Mentone and then made the long, cold journey to Paris, which he found half buried in the snow of that memorable winter of 1879–80. He sailed from Southampton the last of December. The mid-

winter voyage was exceptionally cold and rough, and owing to almost constant storms, head winds, and an accident to the machinery, it was prolonged to fourteen days. He was much exhausted and far from well when he landed at New York, but allowed himself only a few hours' rest before pushing on to Ann Arbor to begin his lectures.

He had tried not to let the hour of his return be known, thinking that possibly his students might take a fancy, under the circumstances, to give him a welcome, and feeling hardly equal to anything of the kind. But by telegraphing to friends in New York the "boys" had succeeded in learning the exact time of his arrival. The following account in "The Chronicle," the University paper, will give an idea of his reception:

"The event of the season to the medical students was certainly the reception given to Professor Palmer at the Chandler House, on his return from Europe last Friday evening. The committee of arrangements were informed by telegram of the time of his arrival, and accordingly the members of the medical department congregated on the campus and organized a procession, which, headed by the city band, marched to the Michigan Central Station to await the arrival of the 11.30 train, on which he was expected to arrive. On alighting from the train he was conducted to the carriage awaiting him, and the procession, led by the band, then marched to his residence, where he thanked the class in a few-well chosen words for this manifesta-

tion of their respect and affection. At 8 P. M. he was escorted to the Chandler House, where were assembled the Faculty and members of the Medical Department. The address of welcome was delivered by Mr. F. Baker, in the following happily chosen words: —

"On me has fallen the happy task of bidding you welcome among us; of expressing on behalf of my fellow-students a tithe of the thankfulness we feel for your safe arrival home. A welcome at the hands of those whose hearts you hold so truly pledged would seem almost superfluous. But it is fitting at a time like this that we should meet you thus, to give some slight expression of our feelings; and we dare to hope that after your long absence it may be a source of pleasure to you to be among us here again, — to see those faces with which you are familiar, mingled with the unfamiliar ones, that by their numbers speak the progress and prosperity of the school you love so well.

"And for these last, your later followers, I would say a word. They come not here as we do, having by past experience learned how great a loss, how great a gain, may turn upon the question of your presence. They have not learned the value of your kind advice, your generous sympathy. Yet is their interest scarce less than ours, so great has been the impress of your master mind, so true the record left with us in our short acquaintance of a year. Theirs is the welcome that shall longest last; theirs the happy opportunity of proving it most truly. And trust me, for I know them well, your hopes in them can never be misplaced. The heartfelt welcome which they now extend is but a token of the gratitude which they will ever feel toward you. . . .

"And to my classmates, one and all, you know that you are welcome. We who know you best can truly value the pleasures of this night. Yet, while our cup of selfish happiness is full, regret comes in to mix the bitter with the sweet. Your absence has been sorely felt by us, and many were the

wishes for your quick return; still these our selfish hopes were not unmixed with sorrow at the thought that our great gain would be so grave a loss to you. And now that by your presence you assure us that you have made this sacrifice, — not to duty, for duty never truly called you, — that you have given up a long-planned pleasure, a long-desired profit, perhaps no trifling portion of the crowning effort of your life, — we choose to think, to feel that it is all for us. Weak words could never tell the gratitude we feel for this, but —

> 'Thanks untraced, to lips unknown,
> Shall greet you as the odors, blown
> From unseen meadows newly mown,
> Or lilies floating in some pond,
> Wood-fringed, the wayside gaze beyond.'

"Still more, you have our deepest sympathy for the loss which you have thus sustained for us; and as for a fixed purpose you have done so much, it shall be our aim, as long as we are with you, to further the end which you thus seek, ever assuring you by greater effort — more loving study, more earnest work — that this sacrifice which you have made shall not have been in vain. It shall be a stimulus which will do much to shape our brief school career, and lead us safely on into the opening vistas of our life effort."

The Professor, evidently considerably moved, replied in the speech which we deem it but just to reprint in full: —

"Mr. Baker, and Members of the Department of Medicine and Surgery, — I have very inadequate words with which to thank you for the reception I have received; for the very kind and flattering sentiment so beautifully expressed in the address just presented in behalf of the medical class. This demonstration of your interest in my return to the position I have so long occupied, and to the labors I

have so long performed, but from which I had hoped I would be for a longer time relieved, is most grateful to me, and will ever be remembered. My desire for a longer release was not merely for rest and pleasure, which perhaps I had earned, but for other work quite as important as that which I have to do here. In your kind words you recognize the sacrifice I have made in being here. But I have come at more sacrifice, personal and domestic, than, perhaps, you can well understand. There has been disappointment in breaking up well-arranged plans; in leaving one I should constantly protect and sustain so far away; in failing to see and to do many things which I had expected to see and to do with pleasure and profit. But not to dwell on this, I have come, it must be, more than four thousand miles to be here, involving in the future a journey and voyage of nearly twice that distance, in order to complete what I have left undone. The many inquiries concerning my journey back may make it proper to give a brief account of it here.

"I started for this scene of my duties, where by past labors, it seems, I have earned the privilege of future work, and where as it now appears this welcome was awaiting me, from the picturesque city of Sorrento, in southern Italy. Leaving this remarkable spot, where mountain and sea mingle their sublimity and beauty, where barren rocks rear their almost perpendicular walls from deep gorges to the clouds; where their scarcely less precipitous sides are covered with groves of olive and lemon and orange, mingled with the vine, and from under whose shadows were peeping out, though in midwinter, many brilliant flowers; winding along roads cut out of the face of the solid rock, where the depths below were equaled only by the heights above, — we came down to the shores of the Bay of Naples. We passed by the once buried but now exhumed cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, through whose streets, buried more than 1800 years ago, we had recently been wandering. On we passed, under the shadow of Vesuvius, on through Naples, a city of

no little splendor, but of more poverty, a city of commerce and art — and of beggars. We passed now by its bold and picturesque bluffs and its celebrated bay, and, with scarcely a pause, on still to Rome, the seat of the most splendid of ancient empires and of the greatest of modern ecclesiastical establishments, and through this wonderful city, where the riches of ancient, mediæval, and modern art are so profusely displayed ; where are so many associations of eloquence, poetry, literature, statesmanship, heroism, and generalship, as well as barbarous customs, effeminate luxuries, tyrannies, and bloody crimes ; where the ruins of its Coliseum, its Forum, its ancient baths, its triumphal arches, its temples, and its palaces are on every hand ; where its Egyptian columns, far more ancient than Rome itself, stand in time-defying preservation ; the city where stands St. Peter's, unrivaled in grandeur and magnificence, a monument to the greatness of architectural skill. Passing on now rapidly from all this, where, though we had spent some time before, curiosity and interest would have found occupation for more months than we could afford days, Pisa was reached, representations of whose leaning tower you have all seen, but of whose beauty and impressiveness no one has conceived more than a moiety who has not stood before it. We had time to look but hastily upon it, and the grand old cathedral under its shadow, with its swinging chandelier, whose oscillations aided the greatest of the earlier astronomers in solving some of the problems of the heavens ; and hurrying from this structure and that of the old Baptistery, the music of whose echoes like angels' voices still rings in my ears, we came on to Genoa, the home of Columbus, whose monument reminded us of the discovery of the New World. We still hurried on along the shores of the rock-bound Mediterranean, through numerous long tunnels, our train constantly darting out upon picturesque villages set in every gorge of the mountains and cove of the sea, until we came to Mentone, a sheltered spot, close shut in by mountains except

where washed by the blue sea ; and on still through Monaco, the only place left in Europe where gambling is now legalized and is a profit to the state, we came to Nice. This is a great winter resort for pleasure-seekers and invalids, especially those who are able and wish to escape the leaden skies and stifling fogs of England or the cold of Russia ; a place like a great cove scooped out of the protecting mountains, where its inhabitants enjoy the most intense rays of the sun, untempered by the slightest haze, and reflected from the south by the waters of the bluest sea and the white pebbles of the cleanest shore ; a place where the palm and the orange adorn every villa, and where gay equipages and as gay pedestrians glitter in the sunshine in every principal street. All this you may think news sufficiently interesting and agreeable, the enjoyment of which is not to be spoken of as a sacrifice. But still in this was one of the sacrifices, — I hastily left it all, and here it was that I left the *light* of my poor life, much more to me than that of the sun and the sea. From there, like a character of Milton, I took my 'solitary way.' Coming on through Cannes until near Marseilles, frequent views of the sea and the mountains, the blue sky and the level plains, and the vivacious chatter of fellow-sengers, diverted the thoughts, but scarcely relieved the sadness within. Soon the darkness and the cold of a northern midwinter came, and never before in my experience did so short a distance produce so great a contrast. The journey that night and the next half day through Lyons to Paris was the coldest and most uncomfortable car-ride I ever experienced. Europe has not yet advanced, with a few exceptional instances, to the practical idea of warming cars with stoves or steam. Shut up in a small compartment, with no communication with any others, or with the guard or conductor on the train, with no means of heating but the occasional introduction of cylinders of hot water, one must go from stopping-place to stopping-place as closely confined as a beast in its cage. In this instance the cold was intense, the

little cylinders inadequate, and but for a profusion of wrappings the cold would have been unbearable. In a day or two I left Paris, the place where good Americans, it is said, are supposed to go when they die; but now, with its cold, without the proper provisions for warmth, with its piled-up snow and dirt in the streets, with which hundreds of men and nearly as many peasant women were struggling with shovels and scrapers and brooms, with but little apparent effect, I left this paradise with but little regret, and came on to Havre. There serious business commenced. A small steamer left at nine o'clock for a night sail across the Channel, which passage is a horror to all travelers. At Southampton, where we landed in the morning, I was to take the ocean steamer from Bremen to New York, which was to sail the same day. During that night such a storm arose and continued during the day as kept the great steamer from making its time, and you can perhaps imagine the effect that storm and the waves it produced had upon the smaller Channel vessel and its occupants. I shall not describe what that effect was upon myself and most of the passengers, but will only suggest seasickness, — that feeling which for a time makes one fear he is going to die, but as it increases and continues makes him fear he won't.

"A respite at Southampton in a comfortable English hotel (but nothing like the best hotels in our country), until the large steamer came and ventured to start for New York, was gladly enjoyed. But then, as this vessel finally started, the serious business commencing at Havre was resumed on a larger scale, — head winds and head seas; the great ship plunging as though it was taking its final leave for the home of the mermaids, and then rearing its prow in high defiance of the storm; the rising and falling motion producing an effect upon the whole nervous system which was simply marvelous. This plunging motion was varied, as the wind veered round and as the waves struck the sides of the ship, by a rolling motion, the huge vessel seeming as if it would

turn over, and actually overturning every object, passengers included, not fastened in the ship. This was occasionally varied by the shipping of a sea, — a huge wave coming down upon the deck like an avalanche, and sending a shock that would certainly reach delicate nerves. The effect of all this upon the passengers I will not here describe in detail; though to medical students all details of this character are proper, there are other than those of the medical profession present.

"This state of things not only continued for hours, but for days and days, and in eight or ten days I was so much prostrated from sickness, starvation, and want of exercise — not having any of the latter but what was necessary to keep me in my berth — that I could scarcely have stood or moved had the ship been quiet; as it was, I was sadly tossed about when attempting to get up. A part of the time after that the weather was less boisterous, and there was some recruiting and some German cookery utilized; but we got to New York and through the custom-house all alive, and I hope with sound consciences.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, by the favor of sleeping-cars, which do not necessarily imply sleep, and by the power of steam, what is left of me in bulk and vigor is here. My condition produced by these causes, part of which I have related, is my apology for not interesting you more on this occasion.

"This reception with which you have surprised me has cheered and encouraged, if it has not compensated, me for the disappointment I have felt, the separation I have had to bear, and the inconveniences of the winter journey and voyage I have endured.

"The only proper compensation which I can make is hinted at in your address, and that will be the consciousness of being of some substantial service to you in assisting in your preparation for the responsible duties of the profession you have chosen; and the chief compensation you can ren-

der me will be to give your best attention to the many things which the extent and importance of the subject I have to teach compel me to say. I am sure you will sometimes be wearied, and though you may now be glad that I have returned, you may be sorry before the term is over. But we must all take the bitter that in this our mortal lot is always mingled with the sweet, and you may be consoled with the reflection that nothing that is worth achieving at all can be accomplished without labor and pains. I am happy in the conviction that you will heartily coöperate with me in the work before us.

"Thanking you again for this extraordinary manifestation of your interest and regard, I must give way to other exercises you have in store."

The amount of work crowded into the next four months was really remarkable. His colleagues kindly arranged to let him have extra hours. He gave two lectures every day, besides his clinical instruction, and filled every vacancy caused by the illness or absence of others. In addition, the writing of his book went on, and for this he could count only upon the late evening hours, as he was subject to almost constant interruptions during the day from patients in his office, or students coming with some question that could only be answered by the Dean of the Faculty. With all this there was no evidence of exhaustion or weariness. One of the most characteristic things about him was the freshness, as of a May morning, with which he would come from his lectures or his study. It seemed as if his love for his work was so great,

his interest in it so unfailing, that it could not weary him. Only one with his superb health and vigor, however, could have long endured this strain. His only recreation was his daily ride on "Prince," his favorite saddle horse, a spirited Kentucky thoroughbred.

By the first of May he had accomplished the full work of the nine months' course, and was at liberty to return to Europe. It had required a great sacrifice of personal feeling, comfort, and pleasure to come back to his work at the end of six months, after the promise of a year's release from it, but the sacrifice was made cheerfully and heartily.

Landing at Liverpool, after a comfortable voyage, he made his way as fast as steam could carry him to Dresden, which he reached on the 12th of May, 1880. His joy at meeting one whom he had been obliged to leave in Europe with the wide ocean intervening, his consciousness of more than duty done, his happiness and light-heartedness, now made the next few months ever to be remembered as full of the purest enjoyment. His unselfish devotion, his strength and sunny cheerfulness, were indeed enough to brighten the darkest days, though none could be so very dark if shared with him. One of his students who had come over with him, and joined the party for the summer's travel, often spoke of this (to him new) side of

Dr. Palmer's character. "Why," said he, "I never laughed so much or had such a good time in my life." Indeed, his dignified teacher was now the life of the party, full of quiet humor, with a sober way of saying droll things, and making every one about him happy.

The more serious purpose of his trip was, however, never lost sight of: at Leipsic, Berlin, Vienna, and Zurich he visited hospitals and clinics; saw many of the most notable medical men, and learned their views on the latest medical questions of the day; while his evenings were spent in writing out the notes of the morning.

On the way from Vienna to Munich a few restful days were spent in picturesque Salzburg, with its enchanting scenery and beautiful drives; while one of the memorable pleasures at Munich was seeing "The Piccolomini," magnificently put upon the stage and acted, even to the inferior parts, by the "stars" of the principal cities of Germany, gathered there for a dramatic festival. A long and most delightful tour of Switzerland followed, during which nine of the principal passes were made. It was a wonderful summer of clear skies and sunshine, so that none of the fine views were lost.

After seeing the Passion Play at Oberammergau, the party took a drive of four days in an open carriage from Innsprück through the grand and beautiful valley of the Inn, over the Finster-

münz Pass, and by St. Martin's Wall, passing the nights at picturesque Tyrolean inns, with always a huge St. Bernard dozing in the doorway, and the sound of a rushing waterfall to soothe one to sleep. And so, stopping now and then to gather the exquisite wild-flowers of those high Tyrolean pastures, they came to St. Moritz and Pontresina, and spent a week in sight of the great Roseg glacier. Thence by the gloomy Julier and Scheyn passes they came down to Thusis, and the next day rode over the "Via Mala," and back again to Chur and Zurich and Luzerne. After a few days on the beautiful shores of Lake Luzerne, the Brunig Pass was crossed to Meyringen, and then by the bridle-path over the Great Scheideck, with its superb views of the Rosenlaui glacier and the Wetterhorn, they came to Grindelwald and Lauterbrunnen. Next came a week of rest at Interlaken, and a pleasant drive in an "einspanner" to Thun and Kandersteg. From there the party climbed to the summit of the wonderful Gemmi Pass, by the shores of the dark and gloomy Dauben See, and descended the perpendicular wall of rock, eighteen hundred feet high, by narrow zigzags to Leukerbad.

After the Alps came Berne, Basle, Strasburg, Heidelberg, Cologne, and Paris; and lastly a fortnight in London spent in exploring some quaint, out-of-the-way nooks and corners of the

city, and some of Dickens's old haunts, with sunny autumn mornings in Kew Gardens and Richmond Park, and a last look at the pictures of the National Gallery and South Kensington Museum. Then a pleasant voyage in October brought him back to his home, his work in the University, and his book.

The index to this was written and the last proof-sheets were corrected among the Vermont hills during the summer vacation of 1881, and the book was published in the latter part of that year. It appeared in two octavo volumes of nine hundred pages each, was entitled "A Treatise on the Science and Practice of Medicine; or, The Pathology and Therapeutics of Internal Diseases," and was dedicated to the students who had listened to the author's oral instructions for thirty years.

It was indeed the crowning work of his life, the result of the experience, observation, and study of a lifetime. Some extracts from the preface may show the standpoint from which it was written, and its *raison d'etre:*—

"In adding a new work on the Science and Practice of Medicine to the number already claiming the attention of the American profession, it seems proper that some reasons should be given for having undertaken its production, and some justification should be offered for its existence.

"The preparation of such a work has been long in contemplation, suggested by the requests of students, and their evident want of a text-book to follow the lectures on this subject in the medical schools with which the writer has been connected. . . .

"Judicious members of our profession, and especially those who have observed medical practice abroad, and who have given attention to the peculiarities of diseases, and the treatment required for them as they occur in different localities and in persons of different races and habits, are very seriously raising the question whether therapeutical directions given by foreign authors are the best, if they are even safe, guides in the treatment of the ordinary diseases in this country. In the International Medical Congress recently held in London, the statement was made, and accepted without dissent, that each nationality had its own peculiarities of disease, requiring peculiarities of treatment; and climatic influences, as different as they are upon the two continents, must, at least in many cases, vary the remedial measures indicated.

"Moreover, not only do race and climate produce differences in diseases, requiring modifications of treatment, but the *habits* and the particular surroundings of the people produce still greater effects. The habitations, the clothing, the exposure, the food, the drinks, the labor, the

pleasures and the dissipations, and all the social and domestic arrangements, differ widely in Europe and in this country.

"But these are not all or the chief reasons why the conclusions and practical directions of the authors of foreign works cannot be accepted as proper guides to be fully followed in the treatment of the ordinary medical diseases of our general population.

"The authors of these foreign works have derived their experience, upon which conclusions are based, from a consultation practice in large cities, and from attendance in large city hospitals. In consultation practice, certainly as a rule, the consultant sees acute diseases either in their severer forms or in their later stages, and most frequently he is called to the severer cases at a stage when the time for most efficient treatment has passed, and when the remedies indicated at the beginning of the affections, with a view to their arrest, are no longer applicable. . . .

"It requires no argument to show that the cases they deal with differ vastly from those occurring in an ordinary American village or country situation, where well-housed, well-fed, non-alcoholized people are seen in the beginning of their diseases. . . .

"The present work has been prepared from the standpoint of an American physician, whose practice for years was in a village and farming

community, who has become familiar with diseases in their beginning as well as in their advanced stages, both in a country and a city practice, — more in the West, but also in the East; in the army during the late war, as well as in civil life, — from the standpoint of one who for years has been engaged in public clinical and hospital as well as in private practice; who has long acted as a consultant as well as an attending physician, and whose observations have extended to the large city hospitals of our own country; and who, years ago, as well as since this work has been in preparation, has made brief but careful observations in most of the medical centres of Europe."

The following quotations from a later part of the book, under the head of "Non-medicinal Management of Fevers," give some of the qualifications which he deemed essential to the best types of physician and nurse. "The physician should cultivate a proper manner in the sick-room; and, what is vastly more important, as leading to that proper manner, he should have proper sentiments and feelings with regard to the high character of his profession, and his responsible and interesting relations to his patients. He should be, and then he will naturally appear to be, interested in his patient's welfare, and he must be kind and sympathetic. While allowing all proper liberty, he should be firm in essen-

tials; and by his intelligence, his interest, and his authority, by a proper combination of frankness and reticence, by caution and truthfulness, he should secure the respect and confidence of those under his care.

"It is not given to all to reach the highest perfection in any department of human activity and usefulness, and we must be content with what is attainable. But there is an excellence in the profession of medicine of a higher order than that which depends upon scientific knowledge or the possession of the technical art; one which is shown in the practical duties of the calling, giving them the charm of a superior beauty and the merit of greater efficiency. It manifests itself not merely by the skillful use of material agents, but by a general force and manner which give evidence of sympathy and mental energy that inspire confidence, and exercise a control which becomes a benefit. It is difficult to speak intelligibly of this; nor is it necessary. This peculiar quality does not come by teaching; it has a higher origin. It may be better appreciated by suggesting it to the attention, and it may be more nearly reached by the possession of its ideal; it is not improved by discussion, and is not inspired by exhortation; but, according to the degree in which it is present, it places its possessor upon a higher level.

"The importance of a proper nurse can

scarely be over-estimated. It is a matter of congratulation that the science and art of nursing are receiving so much attention, and that so many intelligent and benevolent persons are willing to devote themselves to this work. It is to be hoped that the reign of the Gamps is passing away.

"A good nurse is intelligent, instructed in the duties of the art; obedient to the directions of the physician, who is the responsible autocrat in the case; honest in reporting what has actually occurred, even her own mistakes or negligence; strong to do what is necessary in helping the movements of the patient; kind and sympathetic, but cheerful, not gloomy or effusive; vigilant, observing, and, if possible, anticipating every want, yet not fussy and obtrusive; she is gentle and quiet, but steady and firm. When all these virtues are combined in an individual, as they sometimes are, the services of such a person are invaluable, and, when the ability exists on the part of the patient, should receive a liberal acknowledgment. When they are bestowed upon the poor, a reward will come from other sources."

Only one with the persistent industry of the Doctor, and strength to work sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, could have accomplished the task of writing this work in so short a time. His old pupils, scattered all over the country, were glad to have his instructions in this permanent

and compact form. He was cheered by the many expressions of satisfaction from various quarters at the successful completion of the work. Many, after taking time to test its value, wrote to say how clear, definite, practical, and useful, they had found it in their daily practice. Dr. Richardson, of London, said of it in one of his public lectures: "They are the most truly practical volumes that have appeared since Watson's famous lectures." To speak of the book in connection with such acknowledged classics as Watson's lectures is indeed high praise. Again, in a letter Dr. Richardson says: "I often turn to your Practice of Medicine. It is a fine, classical, and scholarly work."

His contributions to medical literature included, besides this most important work: —

A Report of the Committee on Medical Literature of the American Medical Association, 1858.

Lectures on the Sulphate of Quinia. Published by the Class. 1858.

Lectures on Sanitary Science. 1865.

A Report upon the Epidemic at Maplewood Young Ladies' Institute, Pittsfield, Mass., in July and August, 1864; including a Discussion of the Causes of Typhoid Fever. 1865.

Four Lectures on Homœopathy, delivered to the class during the holiday vacation of 1868.

Law and Intelligence in Nature, and the Improvement of the Race in accordance with Law: President's Address at the Michigan State Medical Society. 1873.

The New Departure in Medical Teaching in the University of Michigan: an opening lecture to the class, published at their request. 1877.

The Fallacies of Homœopathy. An article in the North American Review. 1882.

A Report on Alcohol: its Action and Effects in Health and Disease. Reprint from Transactions of Michigan State Medical Society. 1885.

Suggestions on the Causes and Treatment of Inflammation of Internal Organs: Transactions of Michigan State Medical Society. 1886.

A Treatise on Epidemic Cholera and Allied Diseases. 1885.

The Temperance Teachings of Science, adapted to the Use of Teachers and Pupils in the Public Schools. 1886.

He had also been for years an editor of a medical journal, and was a frequent contributor to medical literature. He wrote rapidly and easily, and was fond of writing. His lectures were at first fully written out, but latterly he took briefer notes into the lecture-room, carefully and systematically arranged. He never appeared before his class without looking over his notes and getting his subject well in hand; and he was constantly rewriting and rearranging his lectures, to keep them abreast of scientific advancement.

His style of lecturing was clear, forcible, animated, direct, and simple. His teaching was thorough and scientific, combining the results of constant study and long practice. His voice was strong and clear, with pleasant intonations,

filling easily the large lecture-room, and he never failed to hold the attention of his classes. If an occasional story were told to illustrate some point, or relieve the fatigue of intense listening, in the days when his classes were composed wholly of men, it was of a character to bear repetition with equal propriety to his later classes of both men and women. Anything even verging upon coarseness was most repulsive to him. In his cliniques not a moment was wasted. Patients were examined thoroughly and without haste, and the diagnosis was made deliberately but promptly; in this way much was accomplished in a short time.

His skill in Physical Diagnosis was very remarkable; his ear was so perfectly trained that an error in diagnosis was seldom made, and his pupils were drilled in this direction with great care and patience. The following quotation from a letter received only a few days before his death may not be amiss here: —

"You doubtless will not remember me among the thousands of your former students, but I thought I would send you a few words to encourage you in your efforts in one particular branch of your work, — physical diagnosis of diseases of the chest. I remember how earnest you were in impressing upon our class the necessity of giving our strictest attention to this matter, and how so many of the boys neglected it, and

thought you made it a 'hobby.' While I paid careful attention to the instruction given, and availed myself of the examination of cases in the hospital, I confess myself guilty of thinking you made it too much of a hobby; but I have changed my mind since, and wish you had made it twice as much so."

His opinions on the subject of temperance were very decided; he believed that physicians have much to answer for in prescribing alcohol so frequently as many do. His opposition to the use of alcoholic stimulants and narcotics of any kind was very strong, and his influence over his students did much to form a sentiment in his classes against them. When one considers that during his thirty-four years of teaching in three medical schools he must have lectured to at least ten thousand students, one can see how far-reaching this influence for good must have been.

In his Memorial Address Dr. Ford says:—

"Dr. Palmer has been a life-long advocate of temperance, or, I may say, of total abstinence from all alcoholic stimulants and narcotics. This has led him carefully to observe their influence on the human system; and if he has sometimes taken extreme views, he has had ample opportunity to study their use and non-use in practice. His positive views, with their earnest and persistent defense, shared by many able men in other places and professions, compel attention. The

subject of such frequent use of alcohol has been investigated, and the dangers of the remedy, often more surely fatal than the disease, have been held up to public gaze."

Dr. Pilcher, one of his old students, in an address before the alumni of the Medical Department of the University at the Commencement of 1888, speaks thus of him: "Earnest and methodical, learned and painstaking, pure and stainless in his life, kindly and benevolent, tenacious of what he thought to be right, devoted to the interests of the University, for more than a generation of years he was one of the most conspicuous figures of the Medical Faculty. His influence was always good, his strong character ever allied itself to righteousness, whatever the question at issue. His memory will ever be fragrant to those who knew him, or sat under his teaching."

The years from 1880 to 1887 were uneventful. The summer vacations were usually spent away from home, at the mountains, or the sea, or at Mackinac. Changes and improvements were made in the Medical Department; the course of study was lengthened to three years; new laboratories, physiological, hygienic, and pathological, were established, in all of which he was greatly interested, and which he did much to secure by his influence and efforts.

It was after his last return from Europe that

he came to know well the late Bishop Harris, though they had met before. Each seemed instinctively to recognize the noble qualities and devotion to his life's work of the other, and there grew up between them a peculiarly warm and cordial friendship. Whether in his own home, where the bishop was an ever-welcome and delightful guest, or on the veranda of the little summer cottage at Mackinac, or in their rides together through the leafy lanes and fragrant pine woods of the beautiful island, they "discussed all things in heaven and earth" with the freedom and content of perfect trust and confidence. How little we dreamed that the one, in the prime of his beautiful, useful, and gracious life, was so soon to follow his elder friend into the everlasting rest! Dr. Palmer aided by his gifts and counsels and took the deepest interest in the founding and successful carrying forward of the Hobart Guild, which will be a lasting monument to Bishop Harris's wisdom, energy, and untiring labors. In the bishop's convention address in June, 1888, which will always be peculiarly treasured as the last public utterance of his lips in this country, this affectionate tribute is paid to his friend: "One distinguished layman of the diocese, however, has been called to his reward during the past year. In the death of Dr. Alonzo B. Palmer, Dean of the Medical Faculty of the University of Michigan, the

church militant has sustained a heavy loss. His zealous and faithful services in many places of responsibility and honor are too well known in Michigan to need to be recorded here. I feel, however, that I must put on record my sense of the effective aid which he rendered to me and to the Church in this diocese, when by his intelligent interest and wise liberality he made it practicable for us to project and carry forward our plans for Hobart Hall, using his influence in more than one critical juncture to make the harmonious and judicious fulfillment of our purposes possible. During all the years that I knew him he was my faithful friend; and his constant affection was an inexpressible comfort and encouragement to me. Another of that noble band of laymen who gathered around me when I came to the diocese has gone to his reward. God grant, for the work's sake, that the younger men, who must be relied on to fill the ranks, may be of like mould and of the same spirit."

He was a vestryman of St. Andrew's for many years, and a teacher of the students' Bible class for a time, and often read the service and sermon in the absence of the rector.

As Dean of the Medical Faculty for many years, his good sense, calm judgment, and wise counsels did much towards preventing the hasty adoption of ill-advised measures.

He was preëminently just; his decided opin-

ions on many subjects never made him unfair in his judgments of men. Such strong, vigorous, healthy natures are apt to be gentle too, as he was. The kindly, gentle, and benevolent expression that looked forth from the clear gray eyes grew with the advancing years, and was a truthful exponent of the spirit within.

The exercise of hospitality was always a delight to him, all the more appreciated when, after twenty years of homelessness, he came once more to have a home of his own to which he could welcome his friends.

In the summer of 1886 he was appointed, by the American Medical Association, President of the Section of Pathology in the International Medical Congress, that was to be held for the first time in this country at Washington, D. C., in September of 1887. This position involved much labor on his part. The vice-presidents in his section from Europe and this country were to be appointed by him, and the amount of correspondence necessary to arrange these appointments and the subjects of papers to be read, etc., was very great. The June Commencement of 1887 at the University was kept as a jubilee, — the celebration of its semi-centennial; and, of course, there was more than the usual excitement and fatigue at that time. Moreover, the summer of 1887 was an intensely warm one. It was not so much a matter of surprise, therefore,

when he was taken ill in July, and was confined to the house for three weeks; but it was thought that rest and change were all that was needed to restore him. Early in August he went to Cresson Springs, near the summit of the Alleghanies. For the first time that look of vigor and freshness and health so characteristic of him had begun to give way to one of delicacy and weakness. Not receiving the expected benefit from the mountain air, he soon went to Cape May, and for some weeks seemed gradually to improve in the bracing sea breezes. The fatigue and excitement incident to the coming Congress were looked forward to with much apprehension on the part of his friends, but the weather proved to be remarkably cool for early September in Washington, and he kept up wonderfully during the whole time of the session, reading his opening address with his usual clear voice, presiding over the meeting of his section every day, and being greatly interested in all that occurred.

At the receptions that brought together almost every evening distinguished medical men from all parts of Europe, and a great number of his old students who were present as members of the Congress, it was pleasant to see the latter crowding around him, with evidently the most genuine delight in seeing him and
hand once more. One who st
and watched these eager

proud to witness this evidence of affectionate regard and admiration for their old teacher. Indeed, it can be truly said his students loved him; his interest in their progress, his earnest desire to have them thoroughly instructed and trained before going out into the world, his sympathy and substantial aid to many in their struggles for an education, could not but impress them and touch their hearts.

This tribute from Dr. Woods Hutchinson, an old student and an especial favorite, certainly does not discredit the statement just made: —

"To say that one was a student of Dr. Palmer's is to enroll one's self at once upon the list of his grateful admirers.

"Opinions might differ with regard to other members of the teaching staff, but upon this point all the boys were agreed, — that the grand old Dean of the Faculty was unreservedly devoted to his noble work of teaching, and anxious only for the welfare of the class.

"His promptness in every emergency, his readiness to fill any vacancy, his almost eager willingness to meet us more than half way in the arrangement of new courses or clinics, won every heart; and although as Freshmen we were almost inclined [illegible] as superfluously prompt in [illegible] that chanced to occur, [illegible] relished breathing [illegible] ourse we had

come to gratefully recognize it as only one of many tokens of his almost affectionate interest in our development.

"Even before we were capable of recognizing the breadth of his scientific knowledge and experience, and the value and originality of his views, we had learned to respect and love him as a man, and I had almost said a father, and our appreciation grew deeper and warmer with every year after our graduation."

On the return from Washington he spent a few days in New York, and then made a last visit of a week to his childhood's home in Richfield with his only sister. By the last of September he was in Ann Arbor again.

He was able to go on with all his ordinary work during the busy weeks of the opening of the term in October, but with a gradually increasing sense of weakness and distress. On the 12th of December he lectured in the morning with his usual animation and vigor, and drove home after the lecture, coming in with his quick step and bright, cheerful smile. It was his last lecture. He had often said he "would like to die in harness." He dreaded an inactive and feeble old age. His wish was granted. The next morning he seemed strangely anxious to answer all his letters, and the greater part of the day was spent in completing this task. In the evening he was taken violently ill, the disease

from which he had suffered for some months assuming an acute form (cystitis).

He was perfectly aware of the danger, and felt that there was almost no hope of recovery. The days and nights that followed were one long agony, borne with a patient sweetness and bravery beyond all words to express. To his dear friend, Professor Frieze, almost the last one he saw while his full consciousness remained, he said: "My life has been a very happy one, singularly free from pain and suffering; I am not afraid to die, and I ought not to complain if my time has come." He asked often to have his favorite hymn, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," repeated to him. His faith never faltered; he knew in whom he believed. The dear bishop, who had been away from home, hurried to his bedside as soon as he heard of his illness, too late, as was supposed, to be recognized; but when the prayers were offered for the dying, and for one who was to be left desolate, his whole soul seemed to be breathed into the "Amen" that came clearly and strongly from his lips, — the last word they ever uttered. At eight o'clock in the evening of December 23, 1887, after eleven days of suffering, he passed gently and peacefully to his rest and reward.

Thus calmly, and with full confidence in a blessed immortality, ended a life that had been continuously and to the very end full of health,

and vigor, and capacity for work and enjoyment. The springs of that life had been love to God and love to man.

Only those who were admitted to the inner shrine of his home life knew the rare unselfishness of that sweet nature which found its own chief happiness in seeing those around him happy, and was pained if but the faintest shadow of trouble or suffering crossed the face of the one he loved best.

"There are lives," says Bishop Potter, "that ripen to a gracious and symmetrical roundness." Such was his, — brave, pure, simple, noble, kindly, useful, and beneficent. Such lives do not die, but live on in the hearts of those they have taught by example even more than words.

The day when he was laid in his last resting place was cold and clear. After prayers at the house came the solemn burial service in the church, beautiful with its Christmas decorations and many flowers. Branches of palms and wheat rested upon the bier, which was borne by members of the Senior Medical Class, preceded by the President of the University and five of the Professors.

"Jesus, Lover of my Soul" and "Rock of Ages" were the hymns sung.

These most fitting words, written by a dear and valued friend, are inscribed upon his tomb:

> "In omnibus officiis vitæ fidelis,
> Scientiæ studiosissimus, fortis defensor recti."

In 1857 Dr. Palmer was made a corresponding member of the New Orleans Academy of Science.

He was a regular member of the American Association for the Promotion of Social Science.

In 1865 he was made an honorary member of the Medical Society of the State of New York; in 1875, an honorary member of the State Medical Society of Maine; in 1885, a member of the American Climatological Association; and in 1887, an honorary member of the Gynæcological Society of New York.

In 1882 he received from the University of Michigan the honorary degree of LL. D.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS OF CONDOLENCE TO MRS. PALMER.

"DR. PALMER was very dear to us, as he must have been to all who knew him, by mere force of his most sterling and lovely character. He was pure gold, all through and through. I trust that those very things which now make his loss so profound and bitter — his professional eminence, his noble, Christian life, his tender and elevated character — will by and by transform that loss into a sweet and precious memory." — ELIAS MERWIN, *Boston.*

"These many years of companionship with one of so large and tender a spirit must have left behind a store of precious memories to sweeten your solitude, and yet it is difficult to think of you as living without his sheltering care." — PROFESSOR CHARLES SMITH, *Bowdoin College.*

"I see with great sorrow that my almost life-long friend is dead. How grateful it has always been to me to *meet* him, or to *think* of him, as the courteous gentleman, and intelligent physician! There was no man whose hand I grasped more cheerfully than I did Dr. Palmer's. I assure you that in the whole circle of my professional associates whom I have made during the past half century, there is no one whose loss I could regret more." — DR. HENRY J. BOWDITCH, *Boston.*

"I cannot refrain from expressing my sense of personal bereavement in the loss of one whose friendship was in itself a blessing, and whose pure and beautiful

living and noble counsel might well aid and inspire one through life. That the Doctor exerted a powerful influence for good upon the lives of a vast number of young men, is beyond all question, and to have shared that influence during the past fifteen years, I shall ever regard as one of the happy fortunes of my life." — CHARLES S. DENISON, *University of Michigan.*

"His labors were so faithful, his habits so exemplary, his devotion so complete, that the prosperity of the school will forever be his chief monument. While everybody connected with the University must have been a genuine mourner, there must also have been a feeling of universal satisfaction in the fact that his work had been so earnestly and nobly done. It is a great thing to have lived such a life, and to have accomplished such a work." — PRESIDENT C. K. ADAMS, *Cornell University.*

"Indeed, he has rest from a life of noble, beneficent labor for others, leaving an example and a memory which you may fondly and proudly dwell upon, and that have served and will serve as a stimulus to many who have witnessed his life, so distinguished by its large-hearted kindliness and integrity." — MISS SARAH BALLARD, *Brunswick, Me.*

"No one could know him without feeling his loveliness of character and his gentle spirit. We have all felt so happy for you in that you were cared for by so tender a heart." — ANNA PADDOCK, *Pittsfield (daughter of the late Dr. Todd).*

"How strange will Ann Arbor seem to me henceforth, without that sturdy, manly, and cheery presence, — that noble man without fear and without reproach!" — PROFESSOR MOSES COIT TYLER, *Cornell University.*

"His was a life well rounded out in service, like that of our Divine Master, the Great Physician, and at full age he has entered into his rest." — DR. H. O. HITCHCOCK, *Kalamazoo.*

"The notice of his death gave me a sharper pang of sorrow than any outside my own family in years. He was very kind and helpful to me when a poor boy struggling to obtain a professional education, and to his kindness I owe much in enabling me to get a start in my profession. The better I learned to know him, the more I loved and respected him." — ARTHUR YOUNG, *an old student.*

"To add my poor word of sympathy, and express my high appreciation of your noble husband's character and life. While I did not enjoy the privilege of a long intimacy with him, yet I learned to entertain for him a profound reverence and respect." — BISHOP TALBOT, *Idaho.*

"But Dr. Palmer's work will long remain; and the influence of his high and vigorous character, and of his strong intellect, and of his energetic activity, and all good works for the promotion of the interests of the medical profession and of society, will long continue to be felt." — DR. WILLIAM PEPPER, *University of Pennsylvania.*

"There is not one of us who has ever been his student but feels that he has lost not only an able and valued teacher, but a real and true friend. I shall never forget his many personal kindnesses to me. Although he is gone from us, the record of his noble and in the truest sense successful life will remain both as an example and a stimulus to all of us who are just beginning the battle." — DR. WOODS HUTCHINSON.

"It seems well that he should not have had to bear

the long years of inactive old age. I could never think of him except as strong and sturdy, a very picture of a good man, and an example to every one who knew him of upright and honorable manhood." — MISS ELIZABETH WHITNEY, *Chicago.*

"For we have lost a friend. One who was strong and kind, who gave help in times of most imminent danger, whose regard we greatly prized." — ALBERT PRESCOTT, *University of Michigan.*

"My noblest and best benefactor is gone. It was he who gave me my professional education. The memory of him will in the future, as in the past, occupy the choicest place in my affections, and until my last hour my thoughts of him will ever be those of love and adoration." — DR. ELMORE PALMER, *his nephew.*

In accordance with the resolutions of the Senate, memorial services were held in University Hall, April, 8, 1888. The memorial address was delivered by his old friend and colleague, Dr. C. L. Ford, President Angell prefacing it with the following words: —

"We are gathered here to pay our last tribute of respect to our dear friend, and to listen to the appreciative words of one who for so many years has been bound to him by the ties of a common pursuit and of strong personal attachment. As the weeks have rolled away since the death of Dr. Palmer, we have become more and more sensible of the great loss which we all, professors, students, and citizens, have sustained. We miss daily his helpful suggestions, his wise instruction, his enthusiastic coöperation in moral and religious enterprises. He threw himself with such ardor and vigor into whatever he undertook, that we had all learned to lean on him for aid. Now that his aid has been suddenly withdrawn, we have a painful sense of privation.

"Dr. Palmer's devotion to the interests of the University, and especially of the Medical Department, was absolute. They seemed never to be absent from his mind. He was ever busy planning for increasing the usefulness and guarding the reputation of the Medical School, with which he was identified for more than a generation. In his labors as Professor and as Dean, he seemed to know no fatigue. In his later years, when he might well have asked for some exemption from

strenuous toil on account of long service and of age, he appeared almost to court an addition to his regular labors. No one of his younger colleagues was more ready than he to fill the lecture hour of an absent professor. His love of teaching, which was always great, seemed to grow with years. His thousands of pupils have abundant reason to remember his deep interest in their welfare, and his pride in their successes. He spared no pains to be of service to them, not only while they were here, but after they had gone to their fields of labor.

"A zeal like that which he displayed in promoting the growth of the Medical Department he also brought to his advocacy of moral reforms. He was a man of positive and decided convictions, and had always and everywhere "the courage of his opinions." A firm believer in total abstinence from alcoholic drinks and from narcotics, he lost no fitting opportunity of impressing his belief upon others whether by his pen or his tongue. He had such purity, elevation, and weight of character, that his influence on the thousands of students who had sat under his teaching was powerful and beneficent. Cherishing a simple and earnest faith in Christian truth, he illustrated his faith by a most exemplary life.

"But I find I am yielding to the temptation to occupy the moments which belong to him whom we have come here to listen to, and who can speak so much more fittingly than I of his life-long associate and friend. But permit me in closing to say that, not only as a neighbor and a friend, but also as the executive officer of the University, I am deeply afflicted in the decease of this true and noble man, this officer of such unsurpassed fidelity and devotion to duty."

The concluding sentences of the memorial address are given below.

"Dr. Palmer was a faithful monitor in times when conscious suffering gives the unselfish advice of a medical attendant an influence for good, otherwise disregarded. Besides these qualities named, he had a sympathetic nature, — he had sympathy with the sufferer. It was more than a hurried call and cold-hearted word and hasty prescription. His cheerful and encouraging manner was often more than medicine; it was courage, it was hope, it was mental stimulus, it was an uplifting influence, leaving sunshine for darkness, cheerfulness for despair.

"Dr. Palmer was a firm believer in the doctrines of Christianity, and was interested in all the enterprises of the day for extending the influence of Christian principles over the human race, and as an active member of the Episcopal Church participated in all its movements for doing good, whether here or elsewhere; whether in teaching a Bible class among its members, or contributing towards the construction of Hobart Hall, as a means of doing good to others. By precept and example he would commend the religion he professed. His religion was more than a creed. It was a life, and as that heart ceased to beat, it marked the close of a life worthy to be commended in its aims and its results to the careful consideration of those who honor this occasion by their presence. It was a rounded, a completed life. I do not claim perfection for him. Perfection seldom dwells with humanity. He had noble qualities which we approve and commend. He was *ambitious*. A man without ambition will be a failure. He was *earnest*, and the earnest man wins in the race. He was *industrious*, and such a man succeeds

by using the opportunities that come to him and that he overtakes. He was *prompt*, and did duty when duty came. He was *self-reliant*, and he found it indispensable in times of trial. He was sympathetic, he craved sympathy and shared it with others. He was *generous* in giving service to the poor and needy. Many a student struggling with adversity shared his earnings, and gratefully praises his generous kindness.

"He was *kind*. He had a kindly nature. He rejoiced in the happiness of others. It was an element in his own to assist others. He loved to be obliging to others, and of this I need no better evidence than that his last related deed of kindness was, that he rose from his bed of suffering to oblige another, who had no special claim upon him, by writing an introduction to friends in Europe for a gentleman going there. And it was the last line he wrote, and as he signed his name the pen dropped from that trembling hand forever.

> 'Golden grain from harvest ripe
> Angel reapers gather in;
> Joy above, but grief below,
> Where the reaper's steps have been.'"

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN, *January*, 1888.

MRS. A. B. PALMER.

DEAR MADAM, — At a special meeting of the University Senate, held on the 26th of December, the Senate, with a deep sense of the loss sustained in the death of your late husband, one of the leading and most active of its members, one who by long and arduous service had won an enviable position in the University and in the community, voted to spread upon its records a memorial tribute, and directed that a copy thereof be transmitted to you. In performing the sad

duty thus imposed on me, I cannot refrain from adding a word to express my own feeling of personal loss, and to convey to you assurance of warmest personal sympathy in your affliction.

Very respectfully yours,

WM. H. PETTEE.

Secretary of the University Senate.

IN MEMORIAM.

Professor Alonzo B. Palmer, M. D., LL. D., Professor of Pathology and the Theory and Practice of Medicine in the Department of Medicine and Surgery of the University of Michigan, died at his residence in this city on Friday, the 23d of December, 1887, in the seventy-third year of his age.

To the majority of people, even his acquaintances and intimate friends, this event was wholly unanticipated until within a few hours of his decease, but to the practiced medical observer it had been for more than a year apparent that Dr. Palmer was slowly failing in physical strength and vigor, and for some months past disease had stamped itself upon his features in such a manner — impossible to describe in words, and incapable of recognition or interpretation except by the observant physician — as to indicate that it was organic in its nature and would soon terminate his life.

For a long time he had a constant and overwhelming dread of becoming incapacitated for active work by the infirmities incident to advanced age, and therefore relegated to a life of inactivity in which he would be a mere incumbrance and burden upon others, and where he would be compelled with regretful eyes to look upon some younger and more active laborer tak-

ing up the line of work which had been his life's duty and pleasure. His wishes and his prayer were that he might be spared this infliction. And so, with entire propriety, we may esteem it a subject for rejoicing rather than for mourning that his desires in this respect were not disappointed ; for, while he was still in the active discharge of full duty, " God's finger touched him and he died."

Dr. Palmer was associated with the University for more than thirty-five years. In 1852 he was appointed Professor of Anatomy ; in 1854 he was transferred to the mixed chair of Materia Medica and Therapeutics and the Diseases of Women and Children. And again, in 1860, he was assigned to the Professorship of Pathology and the Theory and Practice of Medicine, which position he held up to the time of his death.

During this long service, which almost covers the life history of the Department of Medicine and Surgery, and engaged as he was in teaching therein several branches of medicine, he had a large influence in shaping the general policy of the Medical Department, and contributed very materially to its unbroken success ; and it was his rare good fortune to see the college which had started as a feeble organization, limited in patronage and weak in influence and power, steadily develop into one of the largest and most prominent of the medical colleges of the country, and to realize that he could with strict justice assume to himself no little credit for his efforts in contributing to this end.

His success and his reputation as a teacher were not limited to the bounds of our own University, and he was tendered appointments in other institutions. The arrangement of the annual term of lectures in the Medical Department was then such that a portion of

each year was unoccupied in his professional work here, and he therefore, in 1863, accepted an appointment to the same chair which he filled here, in the flourishing Berkshire Medical College, at Pittsfield, Mass., and in 1869 a similar position in the Medical Department of Bowdoin College, at Brunswick, Maine.

These engagements were terminated, at Pittsfield, by the gradual decline and ultimate dissolution of the Berkshire school, and at Bowdoin College by the adoption in our own University, in 1877, of the graded system of medical education, and the extension of the lecture term to the full collegiate year of nine months, which neccessitated his continued residence here.

Dr. Palmer's devotion to teaching was remarkable; it was not simply a duty, nor was it a labor perfunctorily gone through with in obedience to the requirements of the position he occupied, but it was the inspiration and the chief pleasure of his life. Actuated by these motives, it creates no surprise to know that his fondness for the lecture room was something phenomenal. And so, whenever from illness or other exigency a colleague was temporarily absent, he was ever ready and glad to step in and fill the hour, as it enlarged his opportunity for engaging in his favorite work.

In the different colleges in which he was engaged, it is probable that from eight thousand to ten thousand students have sat under his teachings. The large majority of them entered into practice, and it is simply impossible to estimate the influence which our late colleague must have exercised upon the working members of the medical profession in this country; and it is simply appalling to think of the limitless disaster that must come from one not governed by high and manly

motives, and pure and elevating principles, in association with such a large number of young men. But there can be no doubt on this score in Dr. Palmer's career, for he was preëminently a man of principle. His Christian life and character were beautiful and elevated in effect, and they were known and read by every one who came into association with him.

Outside of his chief work as a teacher, his fixed principles led him to other efforts at doing good. He was a stern and uncompromising opponent of the use of alcoholic or other stimulating or narcotic agents. His devotion to fixed convictions of duty in these matters was firm and constant, and so he was always found in the front ranks of the workers for reform, urging with all his strength others to join in the work, and encouraging by his advice, his personal example, and his aid, the support of organizations formed for such purposes. No one for an instant could question his sincerity and the honesty of his views, and, while they may not always have carried conviction, they invariably commanded respect for the advocate, and admiration for his devotion to principle. This mental characteristic led him to an earnest opposition to what he deemed erroneous views in ethics, in science, or in medicine.

In the literature of medicine, Dr. Palmer contributed many fugitive essays of interest and value. Besides these, he published "Lectures on Homœopathy," in permanent book form, and a text-book for schools entitled "Temperance Teachings of Science," which has had a wide circulation. As the crowning work of his life he published, in two large octavo volumes, a complete treatise on "The Theory and Practice of Medicine." In preparation for this work, he was many

years collecting materials, and just previous to the immediate work of composition he spent over a year in Europe, in the colleges and hospitals, to avail himself of the most recent advances in medical science and art. It will remain a monument to his industry, his ability, and his devotion to duty, and his intense desire to aid in the advance of the study and work of his life, practical medicine.

The esteem in which his ability and attainments were held by his brethren in the profession is indicated by the fact that in the International Medical Congress, which recently met at Washington, he occupied the important position of chairman of the Section of Pathology, and in that capacity gave an address in the general session of the Congress; and in the American Medical Association he held at the time of his death the office of chairman of the Section on the Practice of Medicine.

The members of the University Senate, with a profound sense of the loss which they have suffered in the decease of their venerable and eminent colleague, desire to express their deep and tender sympathy with his bereaved wife.

Copied from the Senate records.

W. H. PETTEE, *Secretary.*

At a meeting of the Faculty of the Department of Medicine and Surgery of the University of Michigan, held on the 24th of December, 1887, the following action was taken regarding the death of our late associate: —

Whereas it has pleased an all-wise Providence to remove from us by death our honored associate and fellow-laborer of many years, Alonzo B. Palmer, M. D.,

LL. D., Professor of Pathology and the Practice of Medicine and Clinical Medicine, and Dean of the Department of Medicine and Surgery of the University of Michigan; and

Whereas his earnest, upright, temperate, Christian life has ever been a powerful influence for good, impressing itself upon all who have listened to his teaching, both by precept and example, — it is hereby

Resolved, That we express our sense of personal bereavement in his death, and that this Department and the University lose a wise counselor and a zealous friend.

Resolved, That we tender to Mrs. Palmer our heartfelt sympathy in this great affliction, and ask for her the support and consolation which God gives to his own beloved.

Resolved, That a copy of the above resolutions be presented to Mrs. Palmer, and furnished for publication.

In behalf of the Medical Faculty,

C. L. FORD, *Dean.*

At a meeting of the Wardens and Vestrymen of St. Andrew's Church of Ann Arbor, held December 27, 1887, the following testimonial to the memory of Dr. Palmer was ordered to be spread upon the records of the parish: —

Alonzo Benjamin Palmer, M. D., LL. D., Professor of Pathology and the Practice of Medicine in the University of Michigan, for many years a communicant of St. Andrew's Church and a member of its Vestry, died at his residence in Ann Arbor, on Friday, December 23, 1887.

During a period of more than thirty-three years,

while performing with eminent ability the duties of his office in the University, he has also held a prominent place among the parishioners of St. Andrew's Church, and has been active in promoting all its interests and enterprises. We esteem it both our privilege and duty, as his associate in the work of this parish, to express our high estimate of his worth and service as a disciple of Christ, a member of the Church, and a Christian philanthropist.

Dr. Palmer was born at Richfield, N. Y., October 6, 1815, was a graduate in medicine at Fairfield College, N. Y., in 1839; and after pursuing his medical studies still further in New York and Philadelphia, entered upon the practice of his profession at Tecumseh, in this State, in 1840, and ten years afterwards removed to Chicago; from thence in 1854 he was called to the University of Michigan. While residing at Tecumseh, he had become deeply interested in the pioneer work of that eminent missionary, the Rev. W. N. Lyster, and during the whole life of that devoted evangelist, Dr. Palmer, though called to different and distant fields of labor, never lost sight of his early friend and religious guide, while he carried into his own life and conduct the influence of that pure and noble example.

As a member of St. Andrew's Church and Vestry, he was among the foremost in sustaining, by word and deeds, whatever measures were adopted in the interests of the Church; and no one of our number was more alive to the importance of that great enterprise of the bishop of this diocese which has resulted in the erection of Hobart Hall. He saw that this was a work full of significance to the University as well as to the Church, and from the beginning he gave to it in every way his earnest and efficient coöperation.

In his personal character as a Christian, Dr. Palmer has left to us a rare example of purity and consistency. He was a faithful supporter, and a prudent and candid counselor, of the rectors successively in charge of the parish during the long period of his membership. In all parish dissensions, he was ever the kindly and charitable peacemaker; always placing the general welfare of the Church and parish above all personal considerations.

Religion with him was doing, not less than believing; and his strong sense of duty as a Christian carried him into fields of benevolence outside of what is often and falsely regarded as the only sphere of religious work.

Among the social evils which the philanthropy of our day is striving to ameliorate or remove, none seemed to him so formidable, and to call so imperatively upon all good men to unite in its overthrow, as that of intemperance. Nor must it be forgotten that his efforts in this direction have borne fruit in the salvation of hundreds, and perhaps even thousands, from the grave of the inebriate.

In all the relations of social and domestic life, our departed friend and brother was faithful and true. Incapable of disguise, always governed by his convictions of truth and right, he was yet always kind, considerate, and charitable.

In the death of Dr. Palmer this parish and this community have met with an irreparable loss.

He was a true and a strong man, a genuine Christian, ever active in doing good, and of him it can indeed be said: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

To her who has been the loved companion and faithful helper of so many years of labor, success, and happiness, we respectfully extend the assurance of our heartfelt sympathy in her great sorrow; with our earnest hope and prayer that she may find strong consolation and support in Him who doth not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men.

CHARLES S. DENISON,
Secretary of St. Andrew's Church,
Ann Arbor, Michigan.

January, 1888.

Since these pages were completed, the dear friend who wrote the preface to them, who so kindly aided and encouraged the writer in her work, and whose friendship was an inexpressible comfort to her in her great sorrow, has gone to his rest and reward.

That the story of his beautiful and useful life may some day be told, and far more worthily than this of his old friend has been, is the earnest wish of one who will ever remember him with gratitude and affection.